CANADA WEST

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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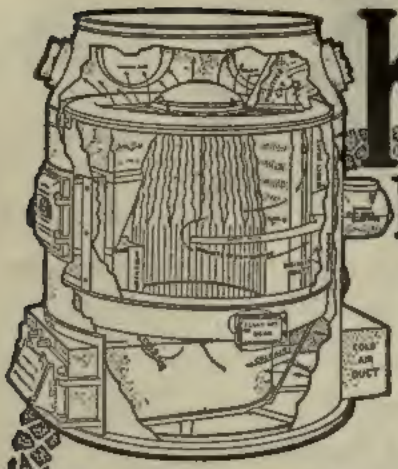

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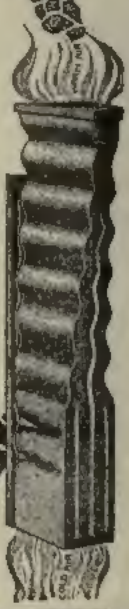

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"ZEE TABAC
IS GONE"

The Rivals—
See page 32

CANADA-WEST

VOLUME V. NOVEMBER NUMBER 1

INTERVIEWING CANADA

BY WILLIAM HARD

Author of "The Woman's Invasion," "Pensioners of Peace," Etc.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

PERHAPS the editor of CANADA-WEST, when he invited us to make our trip through the big new country north of our own, thought an interchange of newspaper and magazine writers between Canada and the United States would create a little additional enlightenment on both sides of the forty-ninth parallel. Perhaps he was right.

There were seven interviewers at the start. Mr. Bruce Barton, associate editor of *World's Events*, drew first blood. On the way from Chicago to Sarnia, during the very first evening of the trip, he accumulated a fact.

He had been talking with Mr. H. R. Charlton, of the Grand Trunk, about the Grand Trunk Pacific. He had learned that in addition to operating a new trans-continental main line, 3,800 miles long, the Grand Trunk Pacific would operate also some 5,000 miles of new branches.

"Here is a fact," said Mr. Barton. "This——"

But first he desired to be apprised of the total population of Canada. Then:

"*This one new project*," he said, "*means a mile and a quarter of new railway track for every* 1,000 *inhabitants of the Dominion.* I conclude that the country to which we are going is a country of considerable energy."

We thought of this water-tight, fireproof conclusion of Mr. Barton's when we passed a certain spot fifty miles west of Winnipeg. We passed it in the late twilight of an August evening. Mr. Arthur Hawkes, of the Canadian Northern Railway, stood with us on the back platform of a Canadian Northern train. We clattered over a railway crossing.

"That," said Mr. Hawkes, "is the Canadian Pacific."

We clattered over another railway crossing.

"That," said Mr. Hawkes, "is the Grand Trunk Pacific."

"And over there," he continued, "is where the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Pacific cross each other."

That dim curve, veering off over the

prairie, was bearing the trans-continental trains of the Canadian Pacific from Halifax to Vancouver.

That bold tangent, heading straight-away northwest, would soon be bearing the transcontinental trains of the Grand Trunk Pacific from Moncton to

We turned to Mr. Barton and congratulated him. He had been right. This country, per unit of population, was a country of considerable energy.

Portage la Prairie (that is the name of the certain spot fifty miles west of Winnipeg) gave us, without a word, of

THE INTERVIEWERS ON BOARD THE "HURONIC," APPROACHING PORT ARTHUR

Prince Rupert, five hundred miles north of Vancouver.

The track we were travelling on was one of the pieces which Mr. William Mackenzie and Mr. Donald Mann are engaged in sewing together to make a third complete steel belt for the Canadian Empire.

Here, at this spot in featureless space, the three rivals, for no reason apparent to the amateur spectator, were drawing together in their long cross-continent run, were taking one full look at one another and were hastening off again, by divergent paths, to their common goal—the eighteen-hundred-miles-distant ocean.

There were three of them. All bound to run to the Pacific north of the forty-ninth parallel; all bound to run at least 3,600 miles from start to finish; and all bound to run through a country whose total population (men, women and children) is less than 7,000,000!

all interviews we secured in Canada, the most eloquent.

No fault is here found with the eloquence of Captain Nicholson, of the Northern Navigation Company, who talked for us across Lake Huron to the Soo and across Lake Superior to Port Arthur.

He was interviewed in the Pilot House where he explained navigation, in the Ice Chest where he explained Fresh Fish, in the Hold where he explained Wheat, and in the Smoking Room where he explained International Markets.

For intrepid endurance of conversational hardships inflicted by the King's Enemies, he was unanimously raised to the rank of Admiral in the harbor of Port Arthur.

Admiral Nicholson landed us at a dock within eyeshot of the largest grain elevator in the world.

We climbed to the top of it and

dropped handfuls of wheat down into the empty cylindrical brick wells, used for bins. You could count seven, slowly, before you heard the grains rattle like pebbles on the bottom.

At Port Arthur the private car of Mr. Arthur Hawkes was put at our disposal and carried us over the Canadian Northern rails through Winnipeg and a thousand miles of wheatfields to Edmonton. We stopped over one whole day at Winnipeg and would have watched the town grow if the people had been less prodigal of their hospitality and had given us the chance.

We interviewed the most progressive man in North America at a railway construction camp on the spur leading from the Canadian Northern to the Grand Trunk Pacific, west of Saskatoon. Mr. Hawkes discovered him. He was in a box car, sitting on top of his piano. At the forward end of the car were bricks, imported personally from the United States. In the rearward end were bird cages, bags of seed-wheat and other things. All the materials for success in a new country, not forgetting the bricks, were present. When I asked him how soon he was going to reach his destination, this immigrant replied that he expected to get there as soon as the rails had been laid along which his car could be hauled. He was billed for a station not on the map when his car started. Now he was helping the construction gang make the railway which will make his home. He was an incarnation of the genius of the Northwest, that not only keeps pace with its facilities, but outruns them.

At Edmonton (half way to the Klondike from Chicago), where you have gone as far northwest by rail as you can and now must begin to turn south again, our main informants were automobiles. They seemed to constitute a large percentage of the local population.

How any city could afford to support in luxury such an extraordinary number of tire-eating pets was beyond our understanding. But there they ramped and scuttled down every street in the place.

We concluded that Edmonton was doing pretty well, thank you, and we left it in the evening quite easy-minded about the state of its financial health.

A few hours later, having travelled southward over the Canadian Pacific, a member of our party was interviewing the Canadian liquor laws at Calgary.

We had struck town five minutes after closing time, *and the bar-room of the hotel was closed.*

The interviewer, rheumatic and indignant, sought the proprietor.

The proprietor couldn't think of reopening or even of re-entering the bar-room, but would see if there wasn't some bold man in his employ who would venture to carry a bottle and a glass from the cellar to the third floor.

There wasn't. After an hour's search, the proprietor admitted he had no such dare-devil on his staff. Rheumatism continued unabated till morning.

THE BRICK HOUSE THAT HOLDS THE WHEAT

At Gleichen, the next night, at about half-past-seven, after dinner in our car, we went down the street to see what Saturday night was like in a rough frontier village.

Every hotel bar was tight closed, *because it was Saturday night and after seven o'clock.*

The next day, Mr. George Richards, associate editor of the *World To-day*, was riding in a buggy with a farmer

from the United States, asking him what he and his fellow-settlers thought of Annexation.

"Nothing to it," said the farmer. "We're satisfied. There isn't a 'bad man' in the district. Life and property are absolutely safe. We don't have any private law-enforcement leagues up here. All we do is obey laws. The people, who are hired to do it, enforce them. It cost me fifty dollars the other day because I was going across the Indian Reservation with a bottle of whiskey in my pocket. I wasn't going to give it to any Indian. But a Mounted Policeman caught me. All the judge said was, 'Fifty dollars! Next!' If any one thinks this country isn't swift, he ought to get arrested."

Canada's genius for law and order is one of the big reasons why she will successfully Canadianize her new citizens from South of the line.

It was at Gleichen that Mr. Robert Jones, managing editor of the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, broke silence.

He had watched farm-land all the way from Winnipeg without expressing an opinion. He had seen sod houses, (living in which were farmers who, *in their first year of occupation*, had raised enough wheat to pay for their farms), without expressing an opinion. He had seen primitive prairie wagons drawn by cattle (and, beside them, owned by the same men, automobiles of the 1908 model) without expressing an opinion.

THE SOD HOUSE OF THE MAN WHO GROWS THE WHEAT

Jones is loyal. He was standing pat on the Mississippi valley lands of his ancestors.

At Gleichen we had spent a long day in the fields. We were back in the car, writing our dispatches. Jones looked gloomier than ever. It was such an intense gloom that we looked at him inquiringly. What he said was:

"Well, it's so, after all."

And this is what he wrote:

"Farmers of the Middle West, who have prayed for rain and it came not, while their crops withered, should come to this wonderland in the Bow River valley, where 45 bushels of wheat, 100 bushels of oats and 75 bushels of barley to the acre are not exceptional. To those men who are struggling to make $125 and $150 land pay a fair return on its valuation, I would say: 'Sell your quarter sections in Illinois, Indiana or Ohio and come to the Bow River valley and buy a thousand acres, where your sons and daughters will be assured a competence.'"

Like Saint Paul and other persons who have been converted with difficulty, Jones no sooner saw the light than he went all the way over and became not only a convert but a missionary.

I took some credit to myself for Jones' conversion, because I had gone out into a field and had stood up and had looked at a camera in order to show Jones just how high the wheat was.

But most of the credit belonged, after all, to Mr. Dennis, assistant to the Second Vice-President of the Canadian Pacific, in whose car we were travelling.

He was in charge of (among other things) the three-million-acre irrigation project of the Canadian Pacific in the Gleichen district.

Years ago he had worked for Canada when Indians were to be subjected. Now he was working for Canada when semi-arid acres were to be subjected. From scouting to irrigating, from warfare to science, he was an epitome of Canadian history. It was Mr. Dennis's irrigated crops that changed Jones from an infidel to an enthusiast. But for every good result of our actions there

is an evil result that balances it. This is a sad fact somewhat slightingly noticed by Mr. Emerson in his essay on "Compensation".

Mr. Dennis's crops, while improving Jones, utterly demoralized Mr. Richard Henry Little, of the *Chicago Record-Herald*, and President of the Chicago Press Club.

Little, professional humorist, had interviewed a sugar-beet. Returning, he composed a dispatch as follows:

"Five dollars a ton is the price they get up here for sugar-beets. In the United States they get only four dollars and eighteen cents. The crops up here run from sixteen to twenty tons an acre. Factories for handling the product will soon be erected. I advise every beet-sugar grower in the world to ——"

TRANSPORTATION BY CATTLE AND CARBURETERS

"Do you think that's amusing?" we said.

"Amusing? I want to convince them," said Little. "This sugar-beet proposition, with its far-reaching commercial possibilities, should arouse—"

We went to bed.

We woke up in the Rocky Mountains.

At Banff we found not only a View but a Paradox.

Banff, of all the places we visited, was the most remote and the most cosmopolitan, the farthest from Population and the nearest to the Great World.

On the lively, peopling plains the night before, we had thought only of local lands, local products, local prices.

Going up into the recesses of the mountains we encountered the question of Reshad Effendi's claim to the Turkish crown, of Japan's trade-progress in Corea, of Germany's air-warships.

For the Great World, constantly moving like the tide around the globe, stops off at Banff, the most beautiful spot on the British portage of the North American continent and sits, with its decorations and its experiences thick upon it, in the rotunda of the Canadian Pacific hotel, drinking tea.

"What a scene for a story!" said Hiram Greene, of the American Press Association, an inveterate fiction editor. "Little, loose human units thrown together here from a hundred different social and racial environments and locked up in a dazzlingly beautiful mountain trap till time for the next transcontinental express!"

We put in a Sunday at Banff. Most of the day I listened to a sermon preached to me across the valley by the silent struggle of the jack pines that try to climb Mount Rundle. They start in close thick regiments, like beginners in the fight of life, at its base. There most of them remain in a massive indistinguishable horde. But from point to point an adventurous company rushes upward.

Upward, from the rank and file at the bottom, little groups of energetic jack pines are seen climbing, with bare spaces between them, toward the distant peaks of success and distinction. It is a sight that duplicates in nature what happens amid the artificialities of New York, of Chicago, of London and Vienna.

The green ranks of the trees thin out as they advance, and soon, even among the best and boldest, the less virile and courageous are left behind. By the time the midheight of the mountain is reached, not more than three out of ten survive. But still, here and there, at the head of its narrow column, a leader among trees struggles onward.

Now, the competition among the leaders themselves begins. They converge, like rival statesmen, toward the

top. The lonely places between them grow rockier and more desolate.

Finally, farther toward the top than any of his competitors, a proud deserted jack pine stands all by himself, the victor in the race. He is stunted by the altitude to which he has climbed. His limbs are blown awry and broken by the storms of hostility to which he is exposed.

Dwarfed and battered in the heights of glory, he looks down upon his fat, contented, unmarred fellows in the valley below, near the nourishing streams of everyday ordinary life.

But then he turns to look above him and to him, with an aching clearness equality of human fate would be laid bare.

This was the sermon preached to me that Sunday at Banff. Was it a sermon of content by the god of the place, or a sermon of resignation and bitterness by its evil spirit? Who can tell? Either kind of preacher might have been concealed in the scene before me.

For Banff, a symbol of all human life on a superhuman scale, is sublimely ennobling in its sunny-afternoon beauty and over-poweringly infernal in its twilight gloom. It is heaven and hell at once, and its jack pines are the mute types of the human animals of the world.

THE WHEAT CONVINCES MR. HARD

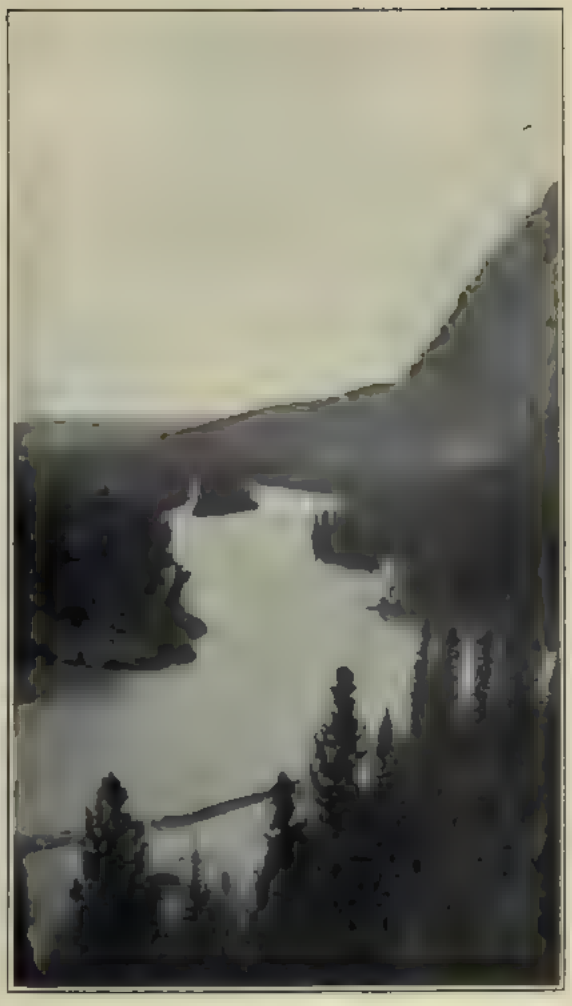
mercifully spared to his brethren in the valley, there appears the blank unsurpassable distance which still separates him from the far-away unattainable summit of Mount Rundle. He is the little corporal of the army of the revolution, the Napoleon of his followers, but he cannot conquer the Russia that lies above him.

So he is the happiest jack pine on the whole slope, and also the most miserable. He has tasted success but he alone sees the height that separates him from his real ambition. If the highest jack pine on the mountain could open his heart to the lowest, the

Banff, however, for all its strength and wild beauty and power of appeal to the imagination, misses, in a way, the significance of the prairie picture.

All the way to Edmonton and Calgary, and back to Medicine Hat and Winnipeg, the ever-stretching plains unrolled to us a wonderful panorama. The artist of Western Canada is the farmer. He is making the prairies more beautiful than God made the mountains. He has a broad, clean canvas of neutral-tinted prairie grass, and on this canvas, with a mighty brush, he is painting the brilliant colors of his crops. At one point, I saw

stretching before me in succession the golden brown of ripened wheat, the milky green of half-ripened oats, the rich purples and chocolates of ground plowed and disced for summer fallow, the intense vivid green of winter wheat just rising from the seed, and then, framing it all, the paler green of the still unturned prairie grass. It was a picture that comes closer to one's heart than the memory of the Rockies, because while man does nothing to the mountains but help to spoil them with his flimsy, puny houses, here on the prairies he paints for himself every year, at his own will, a scene of perpetually changing beauty in which the touch of human hands and the sweat of human labor give to nature a human soul. When one looks at the farms on the prairies and sees how shades and tints and blotches of bright color follow the plow, the drill, and the reaper, one cannot help feeling that this work of human art, spread all along beside the railway tracks, should draw as many tourist-spectators to the car windows as does the cold grandeur of Banff.



A LUCRATIVE CROP OF SCENERY

In the midst of the prairies, at Medicine Hat, the great American novel lost one more chance of getting written. I had laid to heart Hiram Greene's suggestion about a story with the scene laid in the rotunda of the Canadian Pacific hotel at Banff, and I had transmitted it to Elliott Flower, the fiction writer of the party. I thought it would furnish him with an admirable literary mission in life. But after he had explored Medicine Hat, a mission of a totally different kind was laid upon him by the Hand of Conscience.

Returning, drenched with perspiration, to the car, he announced that he felt it his destiny to correct the foul wrong that had been done Medicine Hat by gentlemen of our profession. Medicine Hat had some reparation coming to it and he was going to see that it got it.

He began at once.

In his despatch that evening, he said: "Medicine Hat has been slandered. It does not consume the brand of weather it sends to us. It grows apples and tomatoes and corn. It supplies all Western Canada with roses. A visitor can perspire more in Medicine Hat than in any other town in Canada. Medicine Hat merely gets the indications of a storm. People who say it gets the storm itself are guilty of malicious misrepresentation. The storm doesn't break until it is far to the south."

Mr. Flower is pledged to continue

this crusade till the fair name of Medicine Hat is restored to it as fair as it used to be before the little board shield behind which the weather experts read their instruments happened to be erected within its boundaries.

At Regina, His Honor, the Lieutenant Governor gave a luncheon for us.

And that makes a good place to speak of the Spirit of Canada.

We had all been greatly impressed by Canada's material development. But we had expected to be impressed by it. Canada's political development however, her development into national self-consciousness into imperial self-consciousness, gave us the tingling shock of a total surprise.

We had known that Canada was patriotic, but we had supposed it was a kind of reflected English patriotism, a kind of glorification of the mother-country by a dependency. We found Canada no dependency at all. We found it a country on its own account, vibrating with the vigor of its own life.

At Regina, at Winnipeg, at Edmonton, at Port Arthur, wherever we saw Canadians rise to toast the King, we always felt that they were holding their allegiance directly to him, and not indirectly, through the medium of any other part of the Empire.

They were not Englishmen away from home. They were Canadians, fellow subjects with Englishmen, of an Empire dear to both.

Personally, I received this impression so strongly, from so many different sources, that when we got back to Chicago (after a trip, which, allowing fifteen miles for our wanderings, through the elevator at Port Arthur, had reached a total mileage of 5,000), I found that Canada's spirit, national and imperial, occupied more space than any other subject in the little, flexible-covered red note-book with which each member of the party had been provided

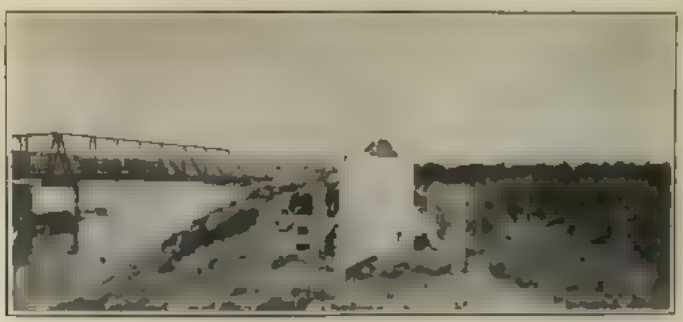
And what could be more important to the United States than to know the exact quality of the spirit of its next door neighbor? Many things, commercial as well as political, will be determined by it.

Germany and the United States exchange college professors for mutual enlightenment. The editor of CANADA-WEST in the hospitable experiment of this itinerary, probably had the same principle in mind, as I said in the beginning. Let us again hope he was right. Certainly we for our part received enough enlightenment, so that unless we are poor conductors and absorb it all in transmission, there ought to be millions of volts of it left for distribution among our friends.

Particularly about Canada's growing National Enthusiasm.

Sentiment is Steam.

As our own George Ade would say: "A man with a Bug goes far. So does a Nation with a Hunch."



BEHIND THAT BOARD OUR WEATHER BEGINS

LETTERS OF A REMITTANCE MAN TO HIS MOTHER

BY W. H. P. JARVIS

ILLUSTRATED BY A. M. WICKSON

WINNIPEG, 18th Aug., 1——

MY DEAR MOTHER:—This is such a beastly, horrid place, this Winnipeg. You will be astounded when you shall have read my experiences since arriving here yesterday—the uncouthness of it all. As you will readily conceive I took full precautions that I might put up at the best hotel, always having in mind the need to maintain appearances, while it is well to save one's feelings from being jarred by coming in contact with people who lack a full appreciation of what is due to a gentleman. My enquiries led me to drive directly to the Cecil Hotel upon my arrival, having gathered that it was the best, besides "Cecil" has an English ring about it. I secured a room, gave the clerk of the office an order for my lunch and then expressed my desire to have a bath.

"No time for a bath," said the fellow, "lunch is off at 2.00." Having heard much about the peculiarities of these people, I mastered my indignation and reasoned with the man. I said, "But my dear fellow, surely you can prolong the luncheon a few minutes whilst I have a wash? What! Eat luncheon coming off the train, without first taking a bath? Couldn't think of it! Why, no gentleman would dream of doing such a thing. I insist upon it, I must be allowed time to wash."

"No lunch served after 2:00 p.m.," was his calm reply.

This made me angry, and I gave my ultimatum, "Look here, my good fellow, if you do not prolong the luncheon hour, 'till I shall have washed as a gentleman should, I shall leave your hotel, sir, I shall leave your hotel." After asserting myself so strongly I fully expected an ample apology and comphance with my desires. Picture my surprise when the fellow coolly leaned over the counter and touched a bell, ordered the boy who appeared in answer to look after my luggage and resumed his conversation with some person whom he was entertaining. I was never so astounded in all my life. Here was I, an Englishman, a son of a gentleman, in a country belonging to Eng'and, with money to pay for what I needed, practically turned out of an hotel—for what? Simply because I would not permit myself to become a beast. Had any one told me such a thing was possible I would not have believed it. I do not know what most gentlemen would consider the proper course under such

conditions, but I exclaimed—sotto voce—"Extraordinary creature!" and marched out of the place with becoming dignity.

On regaining the street, I called a cab and explained my position to the driver and soon had the satisfaction of sitting down to a nice chop, after a refreshing bath. Here, another peculiar phase of the possible obtaining in this land of incongruities, came within my experience.

I had been watching for some time the bearing and general deportment of the fellow who was waiting upon me and noted that his physiognomy was that of an educated man, when an incident happened which drew us into conversation. As soon as he opened his mouth I knew that he was a man of breeding, and there being no one about at the time, I ventured to ask him a number of questions. From his replies I gathered that he was a Carthusian, who had lost his patrimony in sheep-farming in Australia and had drifted to this country. His telling me his name was Jenkins, a west England name, led me to ask if he was of the Jenkins of Wilks (you must know the Jenkins of Wilks, one of the most distinguished families of that county), and I received a reply in the affirmative. I had a few more words with him at lunch to-day, when he showed great knowledge of the country and its extraordinary inhabitants. The upshot of it all is that I have made an appointment for this evening, at my rooms, with the idea of gaining what knowledge I can from his experience.

I did not do much yesterday afternoon and evening, except unpack my luggage and loiter round until it was time to retire, as I was very tired.

This morning, however, I felt very fit and deciding to see what I could of the town (these people call it "City", if you please), I dressed myself in my riding-breeches and shooting jacket and went for a walk through the business section. I dressed myself in this fashion, as I contemplated calling upon some of the land dealers, with a view of ascertaining particulars as to the price of agricultural land, horses, etc., and I thought, that if I dressed as I did, those whom I came in contact with would see that I knew country life in England and could judge of a horse, etc., and that I was not likely to prove a fool in such matters, besides, I flatter myself I look rather swagger. You know you always did say, dear Mother, that I had a good figure. I did not make any calls before lunch time as I had much to attract my attention, and this engagement coming about, I postponed it until I should have had a talk with Jenkins.

This town with its ways is so funny and the people all talk with a horrid American accent. Their trams, they call "street cars"; their shops are "stores", and so on, ad lib.

Now my dear Mother, I must close. My next letter, I trust, will be more interesting, but I can hardly as yet collect my wits. With lots of love to the Pater and the rest, believe me,

Your affectionate son,
REGINALD BROWN.

Winnipeg, Sept. 2nd 1——

My dear Mother:—I can quite understand the Canadian Government putting a tax on farming machinery, but I do think they might allow one's marmalade to come in duty free. Having purchased a farm in a locality somewhat remote from any of the larger towns, though in a very good game country, there being ample prairie chickens and ducks in the vicinity to give one a pleasant hour or so of sport to break the monotony of a day of toil, I set about laying in a store of food. As you can easily believe, marmalade and jam entered largely into my commissariat, and it was when making such necessary purchases I became aware of the unreasonableness in the tariff of which I complain.

I have found Jenkins an invaluable acquisition, in fact I should be lost without him—he knows everybody—he knows everything. As I told you in my last letter, it was my intention to improve my acquaintance with this man, brought about by such extraordinary circumstances, thinking he might be of use to me, and my hopes

have been more than realized. Not only did he tell me where I could buy a farm in close proximity to good shooting and fishing at no very great figure, and he has also told me where I could buy a hunter for the small price of five hundred dollars—only an hundred pounds. An extraordinarily low price for a good animal in this land of high prices. Is it not? I have always so built my hopes on having a hunter, should I ever become a colonist, and now to think they may be realized. Possessing a hunter of one's own will make it possible for one to fancy himself a squire at home, and so, utterly apart from these commonplace Canadians. The best of it all is that Jenkins is to come on to the farm with me, (the "Oaks", I call it in honour of the Oaks, the name of the dear old place at home), and also a pal of his, Buckingham.

Buckingham I met the first evening I went out with Jenkins, in fact, Jenkins has a host of friends, all however like himself, stoney broke. Buckingham, however is his closest chum and I have become so attached to these two that I have entered into an agreement with them, whereby they they are to come out and work for me on the farm, I, in the meantime, becoming their banker to the extent of a few hundred dollars, they agreeing to pay it back in labour. I think this is a very wise agreement because it is so much nicer associating with those one is conscious are one's own social equals, than to have to put up with the uncouthness of these "horrid" Canadians. I shall always think of Canadians as being "horrid"—it expresses one's feelings so nicely.

Drawn by A. M. Wickson

WITH THE GUNS AND RIFLES EASILY ATTAINABLE, SHOULD WE MEET ANY WILD ANIMALS WE MOVED AHEAD. I MOUNTED NERO AND TOOK THE LEAD

In my last, I promised something by way of a description of this place and its people.

Winnipeg was originally an Hudson's Bay Co. post, which was called Fort Garry. It took its present name sometime in the year 1874 and since then has grown wonderfully. The streets are broad, as are the pavements ("sidewalks" they call them), but the buildings are much scattered. I believe the real reason for this is that real estate interests have caused the town to spread, though I did ask one

man as to the reason of the disintegrated appearance the town presented and he told me that the original settlement had been made by a cyclone (such as I believe they frequently have in the Western States) coming over the border picking up a neighboring town and transporting it through the air till it finally dropped it at the present site. Of course this is an attempt at humor, such as is characteristic of these people. I fail to see the humor (but they say here that an Englishman has no sense of humor) though I must admit the story conveys a very good picture of what the place is really like.

There is an odious familiarity in the manners of all whom I meet, and whenever I ask a question, a smile of amused tolerance appears upon the faces of those whom I question, which is so annoying. In fact one is not treated as respectfully as he would be were he one of themselves, not to mention an English gentleman.

Why, do you know, I once asked a bartender (they do not employ barmaids in this country, and call the men bartenders) to put some soda in my whiskey, and he said, "All right, old chappie." Did you ever hear of such impertinence? Jenkins says this was in keeping with the manners generally obtaining among these people. And only to think, we must recognize them as British!

Now that I am about to leave for the "Oaks" and say goodbye to the haunts of man, I think it would be right if I were to give an account of the thousand pounds, or to put it in this wretched money, the five thousand dollars, the Governor had put to my credit in the bank here.

The account is as follows

200 acres of land	$3000 00
1. Hunter "Nero"	500 00
2. Guns and Ammunition	400 00
3. Rifles	300 00
4. Marmalade, Jam, Biscuits, Potted Meats, etc.	200 00
5. Amount advanced Jenkins and B.	200 00
	$4600 00

You notice that this would leave me $400.00 if I had not spent some $200.00 in personal expenses since arriving here. I have therefore, $200.00 with which to begin farming, an amount which I consider ample, as I am informed that oxen will do instead of horses for farmwork and are cheaper to purchase and cost less to keep. We are to buy our farming equipment at the nearest town, as we require it, and I believe oxen are easily obtainable in all towns. I may say, the farm I have purchased is described as having house and stable, and of good soil. I bought it on the recommendation of Jenkins, who personally knew the agent who had it on sale. Jenkins was so overjoyed at my having obtained this great bargain that he got in a wretched state of intoxication immediately upon my purchase. This is a failing of his which I trust I may be able to cure.

I must close now, with heaps of love to all. I remain,

Your affectionate son,
REGINALD BROWN.

The Oaks,
Winton, Manitoba, Sept. 15, 1—

My dear Mother:—I am thoroughly convinced that oxen are the most detestable creatures on earth. As I intimated before, I decided to purchase oxen in lieu of working horses as a method of offsetting my extravagance in purchasing a hunter.

When I landed at Winton, the nearest town to the railway to The Oaks, I put my intention into acts, and purchased Moody and Sankey, two sleek, well-fed, guileless appearing bovines, four years old. I immediately took quite a fancy to the animals, the more so, as all with whom I spoke assured me that oxen were preferable to horses* for a beginner because they require less attention and are less particular about what they eat than are horses. I am still persuaded that this argument is sound when it applies to oxen which are trained, or broken, as the expression is here. To make a long story short, I had these wretched oxen which I had bought, brought round to the hotel where we were staying, the morning we

*NOTE.—The custom in Western Canada is to harness oxen in the same manner as horses.

were to leave town, (it is the custom in this country to call the veriest settlement a "town", and I find myself doing even as the Romans). The loafers from the hotels gathered on the street to see us set out, all with idiotic grins upon their faces. To Jenkins—from the fact of saying he had driven oxen in the colonies—I gave the team in charge, and he untied them from the post, and with our belongings safely packed in the wagon, the guns and rifles easily attainable, should we meet any wild animals, we moved ahead. I mounted Nero and took the lead and with my eyes roaming over the boundless prairies I began dreaming of the Indians and bison which once possessed these plains, when I was brought down to the present, by hearing Jenkins exclaim, "Get up, you horrid Canadian ox, or I shall hit you." I turned Nero's head and saw that the team had come to a stop, and that Jenkins was hitting Moody with the whip. The crowd, or some of them, were walking towards the wagon, when I rode Nero back. Moody first put his head in the air, then down to the ground, and then started to back, while Sankey decided to go ahead, and got his leg over the trace. Buckingham caught Moody by the horns and gave him a pull. "Better build a fire under him," shouted one of the crowd. "Get into the scrimmage," called a man to me. (This fellow I believe is an Englishman, who has been "civilized" or imbued with the customs and language of the country.) "Twist his tail," came from another, and on this advice Jenkins acted. I was now off my horse and beside Jenkins to see if I could do anything. I picked up a stick and hit the obstreperous Moody over the flank, when he immediately sprang forward and Sankey with him, and away they went down the road, dragging Jenkins by the reins, who, as they turned off the road to the right shouted, "Gee! gee! No, I beg your pardon, haw! you ugly brutes." But they tore off across the prairie, and the crowd roared with laughter as our goods were scattered along the route, while we did our best to keep up. Across the path lay a wire fence, and they went into this at full speed, breaking through, but a wheel catching in a post, their mad career was stopped and Moody was thrown on his back, kicking wildly. When we arrived, I could not help laughing at the sight, and Jenkins remarked, "Look at the beastly antics the blooming animal is kicking up."

The men came out from town and immediately suggested that we untangle the oxen, which they finally did for us, and we found that the animals were not injured, further than being badly cut by the barbed wire. We all went back to town, and collected our goods and chattels on the way, and two days later left again for this place.

While in town I visited several of the shops again and in one of them I saw some appliances made of two straps connected together by a chain, which I learned were hobbles used for fastening the feet of horses together that they might not run away. I asked the shop keeper if they could be applied to oxen and was assured they could. As I had been warned about a steep bit of a hill, which lay on the way to this place, and that I should not let the oxen run down it, I conceived that if I should hobble them at the top of the hill there should be no danger of them going too fast.

When we again set out, and when we came to the hill about which I had been forewarned, I stopped Moody and Sankey on the brow and put the hobbles on them. They were at first very reluctant to move and it was only after considerable urging that I induced them to budge. Finally I got them going, by the liberal use of the whip, and away they started. I immediately saw that I had made a mistake in hobbling them, as it made them break into a kind of a canter which they could not maintain, and the first thing I knew was that they had fallen down and the wagon was pushed down on top of them, Fortunately, just then a man, accustomed to oxen, came along and very kindly helped us to extricate poor Moody and Sankey, and I was delighted to find that neither was injured.

Our new friend saw us safely off for this place at which we safely arrived at last.

From a conversation I had, with a very nice chap, whom I met in town during my stay there, I gather that my oxen have had but very little training, and that the names "Moody" and "Sankey" had been given them as satire, on account of the reputation oxen have of inspiring profanity. This may convey a good idea of our experiences with these horrid creatures. Jenkins assures me he has never known any such, and his experience had not embraced Canadian oxen. As he expressed it: "My dear Brown, I have never had to do with horrid Canadian oxen. The oxen I have had to drive are those the poets sing about, the gentle, mild-eyed creatures one heard of in one's nursery days."

We are now fairly well settled at the Oaks, and though the house is nothing more than a "shack" (the western name for a small shanty built of rough boards), we are quite happy.

The game in the vicinity, though small, is abundant, there being no end of prairie chicken (a species of grouse) while the ducks in the autumn are very abundant; and I have a large lake, or slough upon my farm, in which, I am told, they congregate in the autumn.

The prairie, as you know, is a vast level plain almost totally devoid of trees. It is covered with grass and wild flowers, many of which latter are pretty but have no perfume.

The sunsets here are really glorious, and now that the harvesting season is here the sky is lit up at night by countless fires caused by the farmers burning their straw.

Some of my neighbors whom I have seen, tell me that I should plow my land this fall (autumn) so as to be ready for "seeding" in the spring, but others, again, say I can plough it in the spring and then plant my corn.

As I am having a man train Moody and Sankey, and as I lack the implements necessary, I have decided to forego these operations until the spring. As I find myself short of money, and as I feel I shall need some for my expenses this winter and it will be necessary to purchase machinery in the spring, I think I must call upon you for a hundred pounds or so, to see me through. Please see the Governor on this point. When you have explained matters to him I have no doubt he will send the needful.

Many of the settlers here "swap work" and machinery, that is, one man works so many days with his neighbors, and then his neighbor works so many days with him, and a like trade is made with their machinery. In this way they manage very nicely, but of course, being an Englishman, I cannot become so intimate with my neighbors, but must have a complete set for myself.

By way of getting in training, we three are now digging a well, or rather deepening one which has gone dry. It is already quite deep. One of us works in it for ten minutes at a time, and then the other hoists him out by the windlass. By this method we have deepened it as much as a foot in a day. A visitor one day told me that we were using most of the time "hauling" each other out of the hole, but I believe in fair play, and turn about is fair play.

With kind wishes and hoping you will use your good offices with the Governor, I remain,

Ever your affectionate son,
REGINALD BROWN.

The Oaks,
Winton, Manitoba, Oct. 20th, 1—

My dear Mother: I have your letter enclosing £20, for which I thank you. I can not quite understand the Governor's idea of not sending me any more money, with which to buy machinery, until the spring, but perhaps it is because he may consider I would be unable to use it as it should be used, or he has been reading some of the absurd accounts that I hear are being published at home, about the remittance man here. How absurd, all this talk! Why should not a man get a remittance if he has any one who takes a pleasure in giving it to him? (as I know you have pleasure, dear Mother, in giving me this £20 out of your pin money). And it was so very, very opportune. The very day it arrived, Carlisle, a wealthy

Drawn by A M Wickson

"I NEVAH DRINK WITH STRANGAHS"

chap who has a large establishment about twenty miles from here, called on me and asked me to attend a meet, which was to take place at his farm, within a few days.

The quarry was to be cayotes, a species of jackal. I was only too delighted to accept, and it was attending this meet that delayed my acknowledging your kindness, which you will believe, I value the more, when I say that, were it not for your money, I would have been unable to accept Carlisle's invitation. For one must have money upon such occasions, though the local shop-keepers readily give me any supplies I desire, I would have been at a loss to know where to seek ready cash on such short notice.

And now I must tell you of the meet. We were booked to be at Carlisle's on the evening before, and by six o'clock a host of fellows had arrived, all ravenously hungry after riding through the invigorating atmosphere of an autumnal afternoon. Carlisle is a bachelor and his whole establishment is looked after by men, and so our dinner was rather of a rough and ready nature. It was good, however, and of a substantial nature, such as an active life on the plains demands. Added to this there was an abundance of wine, so it may be said that we "dined".

On the following morning we gathered in the yard, and looked over the horses. Among the many was a piebald animal, such as I have often seen in pictures, but never before in the flesh. I asked one of Carlisle's fellows concerning the animal, and he said it was of Mexican stock, a pinto. "He's mean," said the fellow. Carlisle and his friends kept looking over the animals, and finally their attention was attracted by the pinto. When this occurred I drew among the group, as I desired to know more about this animal. "He's a peculiar looking beast."

"Yes," answered he, "He's peculiar in his looks, and his ways and means are more so. He's as mean a brute as I ever met."

"What am I to understand by "mean'?"

"Mean, ugly, bad-tempered, vicious —it's a Western phrase."

"Do you mean to say he will bolt with one?"

"Not bolt, he'll throw you off."

The horse was small, with sleepy languid eyes, and stood with drooping head and reins thrown on the ground before him, in the manner in which these horses are trained to stand. He looked anything but vicious, and as I considered myself a pretty good horseman in England, I did not relish being chaffed, as I thought, by Carlisle. As I said before, we had "dined" the night before, and I thought the wine still affected Carlisle enough to make him forget what was due to a guest.

"But my dear chap, you don't mean to say that this horse can throw a man, taught to ride by a riding master in England? It's ridiculous! I'll ride him."

"No, you'd better not, he'll throw you," said Carlisle.

The assurance of Carlisle's tone irritated me, while I noticed others were watching me with an expectant grin, and some, who were slightly intoxicated, were making remarks, which made it impossible for me not to insist upon riding the animal.

It appeared very much as if they were trying to "bluff" me. I was satisfied the animal was perfectly harmless, and that sport was being made of me. Just then Bronco Jack, the fellow I had first spoken to regarding the animal, sidled up to me and whispered, "Better steer clear of him, stranger, he bucks." I did not know what "bucks" signified, nor did I care, I walked up to the animal, caught the reins in my hand, and although he was saddled with one of the uncouth saddles commonly used in this country, and which I was unaccustomed to, I put my foot in the stirrup and threw myself on the seat. The horse remained perfectly quiet. I got well seated, tightened the reins, and gave the animal my heels.

Just what happened next I do not know. I felt the horse go several times into the air, and at each descent my head jolted horribly, my jaws came together, and an awful shock ran up my spinal column.

The next thing, Carlisle was lifting me to my feet and brushing the dust from my clothes, while the horrid horse stood with the same vacant, innocent expression in his eyes, though vaguely watching me, and the crowd was convulsed with laughter. I never felt so humiliated in my life.

"All right, old chap," said Carlisle, "this will be part of your education."

He and the others then went on to explain how the wild horses of the plains were given to these tricks, and finally, for my edification, and the entertainment of his guests in general, he asked Bronco Jack to show what bronco-busting really was. Bronco Jack immediately mounted the horse, who, however, seemed to know with whom he had to deal and refused to "buck." The rider gave him his head and dug his heals into his ribs. The sleepy, apparently broken down horse became a veritable demon. His head went between his forelegs, he rounded his back into a bow, and again and again he sprang into the air, to land with his fore feet close together. The jar on the rider must have been tremendous. Then he tried jumping sideways and twisting while in the air—all to no purpose The man sat tight and finally the horse gave up the game. The same vacant stare came into his eyes, and the wild nature, erstwhile rebellious, was again dormant.

Carlisle's meet was a happy one, and we spent two or three very happy days. Before we left for our homes, the whole party rode into town. With Carlisle I walked into one of the bars to have a whiskey. A roughly dressed fellow was drinking, and the moment we entered, hailed Carlisle. "Hulloa, Carlisle, come and have a drink. Bring your friend. How the H—— are you?"

"Oh, very well. Just been ridding the country of a few cayotes." He drew up and shook hands with his rough looking friend. I did not like the man's looks, so held back. "Come on," said Carlisle, "and have a drink."

"I never drink with strangers," I replied.

Carlisle then had a drink with the fellow and joined me.

The bar-room was now filled by the other fellows coming in, and Carlisle issued a general invitation, but his new found friend held back.

"Better join us," said Carlisle, but the fellow put his hand in his pocket and drew out a large silver coin, put it in his eye like a monocle, and said in a most affected tone, "I nevah drink with strangahs."

The whole crowd roared with laughter, including the bar-tender, while I blushed crimson. It would only have made things worse to get angry, so I said nothing. In fact, I am learning that the less one says in this country the better.

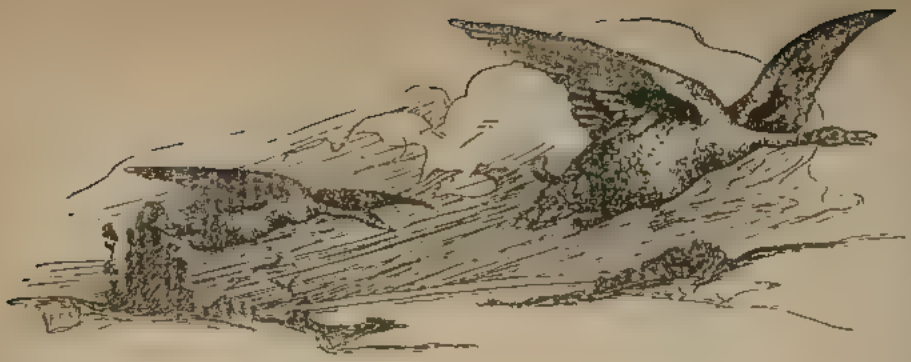
The man, who was the means of my discomfiture, I learn is quite a good sort. Has been to Oxford, and is one of the successful Englishmen in this country. His reputation is that he is a hard drinker, can ride any horse that runs, and owns more head of cattle than any other rancher in the cattle districts further west. He was in town on a visit only.

This is assuredly a wonderful country.

Affectionately yours,

REGINALD BROWN.

(To be continued)



LITTLE WILD GOOSE

BY CY WARMAN

DECORATIONS BY F. D. SCHWALM

A WILD goose lit in the Lake of Bays,
Lighter than the floating foam;
She swam around for days and days,
Looking for a summer home;
She found a place and she made a nest,
Screened from the wind of the wide Northwest,
And she warmed her eggs with her eider breast,
Cozy little summer home.

The grey goose gave her things to eat,
Gathered from the floating foam;
She gave him love, and life was sweet,
Mating in their summer home.
And there they lived as man and wife,
And nothing knew of care or strife,
'Till beneath her breast she felt new life,
Waking in their summer home.

The baby geese began to swim,
Floating on the fleecy foam,
Just little laps from her to him,
Happy little summer home;
But one of them got up to fly,
And he soared away to the sunny sky,
Till the mother goose began to cry;
"O, little wild goose, come home."

He bathed his back in the summer sun,
Way up in the azure dome,
Above a bad man with a gun—
Little wild goose, come home.

He raised his voice and began to sing,
Such a quaint, crude song, poor little thing,
Then tumbled down with a broken wing,
O, little wild goose, come home.

O little wild goose, what is the use,
What makes you want to roam,
Why do you fly to the far blue sky?
O, little wild goose, come home.

The mother wild goose saw him fall,
Flutt'ring in the fleecy foam,
The wounded wild goose heard her call;
Little wild goose, come home;
He knew which way he ought to go,
And he tried to swim, but he swam so slow
For the wounded wing now pained him so,
O, little wild goose, come home.

The wild goose soared across the lake,
Far above the floating foam,
It seemed to her her heart would break—
Little wild goose, come home;
The baby caught his mother's tail,
And across the lake the two set sail,
Thus towed, he rode with a Gitche gale,
And little wild goose came home.

She folded up his broken wing,
Floating on the fleecy foam,
And said: "Don't cry, poor little thing
Little wild goose is home."
And when the baby goose could stand
And flap his wings on the shifting sand,
They soared away to a sunny land,
And little wild goose went home.

O, little wild goose, what is the use,
What makes you want to roam,
Why do you fly to the far blue sky?
O, little wild goose, come home.

THE SOWING

A YANKEE'S VIEW OF ENGLAND'S DUTY TO CANADA

BY EMERSON HOUGH

Author of "The Mississippi Bubble," "The Way to the West," etc

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

In the opening chapters of "The Sowing," Mr Hough presents a startling picture of the congested condition of the very poor in the great English cities especially of those in London, and argues a necessity for reforming those conditions where the people themselves are capable of betterment His remedy would be to transplant them 'back to the land, but in this he protests against their being transplanted only to die It is 'no solution of the troubles of the poor of Europe,' he says, "to transfer them to the spawning grounds of the United States The new lands of the world offer the only hope as we are organized mentally, governmentally, physically Canada offers this opportunity. Yet clean and sane colonization demands that the intending colonists shall be fit and prepared to avail themselves of a fair opportunity when offered" From this he proceeds to recount that until the advent of the cattlemen, Canada had been mainly a hunting and trapping ground, that when its possibilities as the richest wheat field in the world were discovered, and the railways began to reach out over it, a new and heavy immigration set in He then takes up a consideration of the kind of immigrants sent in through English church and philanthropic agencies and describes them as being largely drawn from the helpless city-bred poor, who cumbered the land and often perished He contends that this policy was dangerous to all concerned, that changes were necessary, whether England liked them or not, that 'Canada and England and the United States as well owe it as one of the correctives of civilization that Western Canada shall take only the potentially efficient poor," give them environment co-efficient with opportunity, and guide them to useful citizenship

CHAPTER VII.

HIT OR MISS PHILANTHROPY.

THE substantial truth and justice of most of the statements in the foregoing pages will be generally admitted by those who read and think. It is agreed alike in England and in Canada that something immediately must be done in the way of relieving the population pressure in England and filling the population want in Canada. Yet of all great questions this seems farthest from answer. Of all answers offered to any question, none were ever more confused, more divergent, and more hotly conflicting than those advanced on both sides of the sea in this debated matter of colonization. For our part, it will serve at the time to assemble some of these theories and mention some of the experiments which have been suggested or attempted.

Well toward the front rank of current comment is that of the vaguely loyal citizen who finds himself possessed of a residence in Canada and a reverence for England. We may, perhaps, as well as in any other way, phrase such belief in the following words, which have appeared, one believes, both in the Colonial and the British press:

"The ways of tugging the rope from American realism towards British idealism are of like character. They all make for the influence of ideas. They are all concerned with the contact of personality. It is by the spiritual force of personal sympathy that we can keep Canada,even in the plenitude of her independence, a British Canada. Nothing else will suffice. Constant intercourse, an uninterrupted exchange of ideas, a frequent mingling and an open hospitality, will bind the two nations together in the bonds of affection and understanding. On our side, at the present moment, is Canada's dislike of the 'Yankee.' We have only to per-

suade her that the British manner of enjoying and using the gift of life is strong enough to resist the rivalry of America's strenuousness to turn her thoughts away from meeting that rivalry by imitation. That is our task. We have got to convince her that one great righteous-minded statesman in her midst is worth more than many millionaires. We have got to make her feel that she needs poets as well as foreign immigrants, and prophets as well as American capitalists. We have got to persuade her people that, great as may be the conquests in front of them, those triumphs can never transcend in glory the splendour of their inheritance as sons of Magna Charta, the heirs of Shakespeare, and the kin of Latimer, Hampden, Cromwell and Nelson. Never will her banners bear prouder names than Trafalgar and Waterloo. Never will her bookshelf hold sublimer books than the English Bible. There are those in Canada who keep this faith with a passionate enthusiasm. There are those who love England. Shall we strengthen their hands with all our might and with all our main, or stand by and see them borne down by the foreign immigrant and the spirit of America?"

From one point of view, the foregoing is to say much, but from the standpoint of a hardheaded man it is to say very little. It is beautiful, but so beautifully vague that the average business man will with a "passionate enthusiasm" designate it to be no more than mere vaporing. It does nothing. It formulates no clean cut policy of action. Canada has not time to deal in vague hopes. There must be *definite* deeds.

Religion and morality come next, with their suggestions in colonization, each as wide of the mark as mere racial sentiment. These forget that on this earth the stomach comes before the soul; that before you can uplift a man you must feed him. They content themselves with such generalizations as the following—with the abstract excellence of whose tone no issue can be taken:

"The two great questions before us as a country are, first that we get, so far as we may, the right people, and second, but still more important, because more within our right, our duty and our power, that we give the seed sown the right culture. It has been asked whether the generation to come will be Christian or irreligious. The answer depends on whether the present one acts in a Christian manner or not. We are told that the Government is about to apply a much more strict rule to the out-of-works in Toronto than it has hitherto done, and that should it be found that any of them had come to the country without the prescribed amount of money in their pockets, they will be sent back whence they came.

"Is this Christianity? It seems worse than Buddhism or Confucianism. Is this likely to make Christians and loyalists or agnostics and anarchists? It may be that in Toronto, as in Montreal, men of the most loyal and docile nature, men who are a real acquisition to the country, have been fleeced till they are penniless by sharks who have the advantage of speaking their own language, and this for lack of the protection which the new country should have thrown around them."

Following close in the wake of such beneficent indefiniteness as the foregoing, come the well meant endeavors of the charitable associations of England, who have spent many thousands of pounds in the work of sending thousands of emigrants of the poorer classes to Canada. Here there is a great, noble and well meant work, and something which has, as well, the virtue of definite activity; so that it is sad to say that this well meant activity has not been wholly appreciated in Canada.

Indeed, here we come fairly to the heart of our subject; because here there is issue fairly joined between philanthropy and the results of philanthropy—the issue between England and the citizens of Canada The Commissioner of Immigration at Winnipeg, representing the latter side of the argument, has aroused the most bitter comment by his criticism of the labours of these charitable societies. Yet those labors have been extensive; for in 1907, such societies sent assisted emi-

grants to Canada in the following proportion: East-End Emigration Fund, 6,096; Self-Help Emigration Society, 506; Salvation Army, 406, Church Army, 1,519; Church Emigration Society, 663; Central Unemployed Body, 2,842; Central Emigration Board, 228.

Since the matter is so wholly germane to our subject, we may offer space for debate on this question of the assisted immigrant. Mr. Walker, the Commissioner of Immigration, declares that the work of these societies gives him the gravest anxiety, because they send to him masses of undesirable citizens. He admits that some of these immigrants have been successful in the Dominion, but denies that emigration to Canada is any solution of the problem of the unemployed poor in London. He states that he is in a position to know that the persons who are objects of the care of these associations are not suited to the requirements of Canada, and are not likely to succeed there. He suggests that the Local Government Board would favor inspection of the work of these charitable societies. As to one instance, that of the Church Army, of London, the following quotation may open the debate:

"This is a reformatory and charitable organization connected with, and working under the auspices of the established Church of England. They sent to Canada last year 1,595 persons, of whom 1,519 received assistance from the Church Army Emigration Fund. This organization is of a many-sided character, embracing the reclamation of the drunkard, the reception of the discharged prisoner, the shelter and food of the homeless; and is an asylum for the unemployed. It has a number of cheap night shelters throughout the city and country, and is engaged exclusively in operating amongst the lowest and most degraded classes to be found in England. In pursuance of the reformatory work, they have a farm colony, to which men are sent on probation, and where those who are destined for emigration to Canada are placed for observation and training in actual farming operations; but as these men were originally anything but farmers or rural citizens, the probation can hardly be called satisfactory; the training is not very practical, and the person still retains his aversion to the country and his love of populous places.

"The Church Army also interests itself in the emigration of persons who can pay their fare; young men who are beyond parental control; young men whose relatives believe that removal from old haunts would afford a new opportunity for starting life afresh, and rehabilitating themselves in the good opinion of their friends; and I am afraid that not a few of the latter are selected, not from any examination, but from the personal influence of those who are desirous of obtaining the emigration of such persons."

Mr. Hamilton, honorary treasurer of the Church Army, London, England, makes a very definite and emphatic protest, and may be quoted in the following terms:

"As Chairman of the Emigration Committee of the Church Army, I protest most emphatically against this sweeping condemnation of the emigrants sent out to Canada by this organization. The great majority of the men whom we emigrated in the year 1907 were persons of the working class who had always been honest and industrious, but who, from no fault of their own, had become destitute through being out of work a long time.

"The emigrants were sent out in batches to Canada under the charge of one of our Church Army officers, and on their arrival in Canada they went to places procured for them by our agents stationed at Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg. It is quite true that a small proportion we sent last year were men who had been reclaimed through the agency of our labor homes. We are informed that they are doing well and we have received grateful letters from them enclosing remittances on account of the cost of emigrating them.

"With regard to the emigrants we sent in the year 1906, in an interview with our agent, Sir Wilfred Laurier said:

"'Your immigrants have done well for themselves and well for their

employers. There is plenty of work for all you can send out, as the farmers are wanting men and cannot get them. I wish you all success in your work.'

"As even more care was taken in 1907 in the selection of emigrants, it must be clear to any unprejudiced mind that Mr. Bruce Walker's report is, as far as it refers to the Church Army, wholly incorrect."

This leaves the floor clear for the Commissioner of Immigration to conclude, although his somewhat hot retort seems not essentially to clear the sky:

"I have nothing to withdraw of what I have said regarding the character of the general body of the immigrants sent to Canada by the Church Army. As a body they are entirely unsuited to the needs of our country, and in proof of this, one has only to look at the number of immigrants stranded in Toronto and Winnipeg, and in many of the smaller towns of Ontario, to prove what I have said.

"I cordially concede to the Church Army the best intentions, and believe it is actuated by good and commendable motives, but unfortunately it is working for the most part with material which, from training and environment, is not the kind of material needed in Canada to-day.

"The residents of the slums of the great city of London, or other great centres of population, are not the kind of people likely to accommodate themselves to our conditions, or to become readily absorbed in our national life.

"I have frequently been at the railway stations in London and seen the Church Army emigrants depart; I have frequently been at Liverpool and seen them embark; I have frequently been brought in contact with them when they arrived in Canada, and I have seen them when they have been deported back to England; and on all of these occasions I was satisfied that, notwithstanding the best intentions of the Church Army, and notwithstanding their best efforts to select suitable emigrants, they were working amongst a people who from training and environment could only hope to succeed in a very modified degree.

"Canada is not calling for skilled tradesmen, yet the Church Army constantly sends them.

"Canada is not calling for men who make a failure of life in the Old Country, yet the Church Army constantly sends them.

"But Canada is calling for men of brawn and muscle, who have tilled and who are desirous of tilling the soil. The Church Army sends this class only in infinitely small proportions."

The consensus of opinion in the Dominion seems to be that immigration for the present year will hold fewer persons who have no objective point in Canada, and no fitting for the calling of the new settler. There remains little doubt that the methods of these societies will in the future be modified or dispensed with.

One ought not to dismiss so important a phase of the immigration question without reference to the splendidly intended, and indeed well-devised work of the Salvation Army. Thus Commissioner Elijah Cadman, of the Salvation Army, recently remarked before a large audience in an American city:

"They tell us we are depopulating England of the cream of its working class. We answer that unless this is done the cream will soon turn sour.

"Our organized effort to supply the manless land with the landless man is a success from every point of view. However, we are being criticized in England and in Canada for reasons diametrically opposite. In Canada they say we are flooding the country with hordes from English slums. We reply that we are not bringing over any of the 'submerged'. We are refusing hundreds of undesirable applicants every day. In England some declare we are draining the country of its best. But under present conditions that 'best' will soon be spoiled if allowed to continue to live in the congested cities.

"Fifteen thousand immigrants will be given a means of making a living in Canada this year. Some day we will bring over fifty thousand."

Here, then, we have it. Canada, the colony, and England, the mother country, both agree that something ought to be done in colonization; both

agree that something ought to be done for the helpless poor; but they do *not* agree upon *what* ought to be done. Meantime, Canada waits, her brow troubled, her calm of two hundred years broken, her mind suddenly oppressed with the truth that a place in the world's history means an assumption of the world's problems. What shall Canada do? Already she has seen the evil of ill-advised unloading on her shores of the helpless and unfit poor. When she resents this, she is accused of "clubbing the head of the swimmer." What may Canada do? What is right that she should do?

In such decided conflict of authority it is necessary that we as students shall seize ourselves at least of certain general truths. Thus we may say that in argument it is not logical to reason from particular to general, or to reason from general to particular. The premises must be of the same denomination, or we shall get no valid conclusion. It is fair preliminary logic, therefore, to ask England if she knows and realizes the actual denomination of the Canadian premise?

On one ground, at least, England and Canada ought to meet, and that is the broad one which for the time leaves politics aside. Both ought to consider the *human* side of the question. Both ought to ponder the greatest good to the greatest number. Both ought to listen to the words of a man high in the Dominion Government, a Canadian born and bred on the western prairies, who takes a lofty but safe ground, which will serve us perfectly as a beginning point for our later argument:

"*Back of all the plans, back of all the differences of belief as to methods and means—and of course there will be differences—must be the motive to do good for the world!*"

Those are words big enough temporarily at least to shame mere selfishness. They give the student courage to go on with the plan of gathering in later pages the experiences and conclusions of men of widely separated fields of activity. To these opinions, coming from many different angles, Canada should listen with respect, because they voice the beliefs of Canadians. England, also, should listen with respect, because they give her greater information, and so set her that much the closer to fairness in her logic.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE VIEW POINT OF A JURIST.

CANADA has always with a certain justice pointed to the difference between her frontier record and that of the Republic to the south of her on the map. It is true that the Yankee "bad man" as a type has never existed in the Canadian West, and likewise true that the Canadian frontiers have never even temporarily parallelled the scenes of violence which for two generations of western progress have marked life in the American Republic. Sometimes this distinction is drawn to the discredit of the American form of government; and indeed, he were not a broad-minded citizen of the United States who would fail to admit that in the latter country reverence for the law does not exist to the extent generally found in Canada, and indeed, in all of England's colonies. There is color for this in the methods of American buccaneer business as well as in the story of American outlawry on the frontier. It is only fair to say that the American character, whether in business, in politics, or in society, has, since the occupation of the territory of the United States, been marked almost as much by self-sufficiency as by self-reliance; and this self-sufficiency has not only in a few but in many instances, served to give that country a reputation for lawlessness which can only be called deserved. No reason for this truth has ever been offered in satisfactory form. It seems unwise to ascribe it to the American form of government itself, for while the government has largely changed in the past century, the phenomena of the country have remained constant. It is very largely, no doubt, attributable to the character of the early population of the United States, to the former remoteness of the western country, to its great natural richness, and to the earlier lack of the cheap and abundant modern transportation. If this lawlessness has handicapped civilization,

it has not sufficed to prevent it. Neither did the equal or greater lawlessness of Australia prevent civilization there.

It cannot too much be borne in mind that times have come to be much changed. Canada's problems in population fall in to-day, the time of cheap and abundant transportation; her methods of settling her new lands are, therefore, entirely different from those once necessary in the United States. None the less, even in these days when full-fledged law and order go westward with the rails, Canada finds that with her new population she is importing new problems in disregard of the law. Crime is increasing in Canada, especially in Canadian cities. The truth is forcing itself into observation that with the well-meaning and ambitious poor are mingled large numbers of those who have no wish or intent to constitute themselves useful units of society. This truth enters into the law-and-order problems of England's cities. Philanthropy east of the Atlantic has sometimes been ostrich-like enough to fail to see that in transplanting masses of London's poor, it also transplanted many of London's problems west of the sea. For the last two years the courts of Canada have been full of men out of work, arrested for one or the other infraction of Canada's stern ideas of the law. Many of these were simply helpless and inefficient paupers, but with them were mingled many who did not want to work. The city of Toronto, for instance, has been driven almost to the use of deportation, so much has she been afflicted with persons out of work, out of money, and either unable, unfit or unwilling to support themselves. Here again we have the battle scene of philanthropy and common sense.

In these circumstances of increasing criminal dockets, increasing poor lists, and increasing problems in local charity and local remedial measures, it is pleasant to see the broad-minded fairness of the Canadian spirit in regard to these unwonted phenomena. The law courts of Canada, without exception, have been lenient with such unfortunates as have for one reason or another come before them from the masses of those who find themselves bewildered and discouraged in scenes wholly unfamiliar to them. Many a pathetic story, many a tragedy is hid in the dusty records of the law, and never finds its way to print. We shall take space to offer here comment of but one jurist, Chief Justice Howells, of Manitoba. The Justice, in an address to the Grand Jury at Winnipeg, was obliged to refer to some of these questions, and said:

"You may be led to conclude that we would be much better without these foreigners, that they are a menace to our country. . . . Well, they are here, gentlemen; shall we drive them out of the country, or hang them, or teach them? They have not had a fair chance, it seems to me, in the race of life. In the country they came from the sidewalks of the town were not made for them, the roads were good enough for them, amongst the horses and swine. If the landlord came along they got down on their knees and bowed their faces to the ground. They could not go from their native village to another without a passport without being arrested. They came to this country, and here the sidewalks are for them. They can go as they please, and liberty becomes license. By all means punish them when they do wrong, but punish them justly and kindly."

Let us gather the import of this last remark. Let us carry the flavor of it forward with us in our later study of these matters. Let us, on *either* side of the sea, approach this pathetic figure of the poor man, the man cast away out of reach of good environment, only with *justice and kindness*. In that way we are far more apt to arrive at the truth.

CHAPTER IX.

THE VIEW POINT OF A GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL.

THERE is no more picturesque, albeit no more pathetic spectacle in the world than that afforded by the Canadian Pacific Railway station at Winnipeg, where most of the European immigrants make the first stop in their long journey to their chosen land. Marylebone Station in England may offer as

much of pathos, for home is home, no matter how humble and hopeless, and it is hard even for the poor to leave their native country—perhaps hardest of all for the poor to do so. But England's assembly ground represents but one nation, whereas Winnipeg shows the outpourings of many. There are to be seen Swedes, Norwegians, Germans, fresh from the old country, or perhaps somewhat seasoned by residence in the States. Fewer come from South Europe to Canada than to the United States, but numbers of Hungarians, Galicians, and others, are to be seen, their striking and bright-colored costumes of silks and skins, their strange embroidered boots and bright head coverings, contrasting with the quieter garb of the sober-faced Mennonites, the sheepskin clad Russians, the high-cheeked Polanders, or the squat Laps and Finns. At the long counter of the immigration rooms—where the commodity handled is that of human fortunes—one may see blue-eyed Scots puzzling over strange maps of Manitoba or Saskatchewan, or stolid folk in cap and neck scarf, the uniform of London's poor. A babel of tongues arises, and although the Government interpreters are polyglot, sometimes they find a language strange even to them. Here wanders a helpless soul, with no record of any recent meal visible on his gaunt form or features, no discoverable means upon his person, and no understandable human speech by which he may set himself right with the world. The author has found here men who had lost the cards which told the addresses of friends they wished to meet, and who were all at sea as to what they ought to do. It is not infrequent for men to turn up here who started for Minnesota or the Dakotas in the States.

Among all these are scores of newcomers unmistakably from the cities of England. In the rooms provided as temporary quarters by the Immigration Office, one may see thin-faced, stony-eyed women of a morning wiping a scant circle of semi-cleanliness on the faces of weary and dirty children that scream aloud at the insult to their custom. Teapots and stewpans cumber the unaccustomed stove, and meals go forward at all hours in one corner or another. On floors still higher up, are other rooms, lofts with little platforms where newcomers spread down their scanty bedding on the floor. Meager enough is the usual bundle which represents the total worldly goods of a family here. Without this pitiful object lesson, their past could be read in the apathetic face, the shuffling walk, the hopeless look which distinguishes so many of these helpless poor, thrust, at the argument of the foot, out of their home country to mend their fortunes as best they may.

Each nationality will show young men and women rejoicing in the best of all wealth, strong and hardy bodies—young men who soon will be land owners, young women who will soon have discarded this gaudy shawl for the flowered bonnet of their new neighbors. Two or three years will work a wondrous change with these younger persons. Perhaps less hope exists for this wrinkled woman who sits in against the fence, in the brilliant sunlight, nursing her child, her head beturbaned, her garb a mass of rags, her face long a stranger to water, her coarse feet encased in heavy high boots thrust out at full length before her on the ground, modesty and womanliness stranger to her soul throughout her life, and still strangers here. Opportunity may have come too late for her. For this child in her lap there may, however, be some sort of hope and happiness in later years. Neither was possible for it had it remained at the old home.

All the time, one great train after another pulls in from the east and discharges its motley population—its freight—picturesque, pathetic, pitiful. The parti-colored crowds condense, flow together, break apart, a kaleidoscope of humanity, a human picture whose human interest cannot be surpassed for any man who thinks. And in these crowds automatically, if not apathetically, labor ticket sellers, gate men and interpreters, who have their work well cut out for them. Beyond their preliminary service comes the more inquiring and more human ministration of the Immigration Office, where all these folk

are sorted, analyzed, classified and distributed.

Supervising this classification and distribution, there must be some accepted head, just as there must be in the assembling of these multitudes on the eastern side of the ocean. As much depends upon the judgment and the wisdom of the one official as upon the other. Certainly very much rests with the Commissioner of Immigration at Winnipeg. His must be sympathy and resource as well. He must see to it that these strangers are not robbed, that they shall have decent food and immediate opportunity for work, so far as that may be. It is he who must devise comfort for weary and heavy-laden, who must stand for the idea of his Government with them. He may not be arbiter immediate, and must report to his superior what he has done and what he thinks might better be done. Regarding him, at least this much may be said, that he, perhaps more than any other man, is prepared to pass on the qualifications as citizens of those who pass before him day by day. The world's problem in immigration lies before him every hour. It is not theory with him, but practice. He knows what Canada *gets*, and he ought to know what Canada *needs*.

Most of the discussions of the current year on the immigration problem are based on the report of Mr. Bruce Walker, Commissioner of Immigration at Winnipeg. We have given some of these discussions in earlier pages, but as the fairest way to report a man is in his own words, it is thought proper to give space to much of the text of the report in question. Mr. Walker speaks directly and much to the point, having to aid him a thoroughly practical acquaintance with the questions involved. He takes up first the question of those unfortunates who are paid to leave their own country, his comment taking the following terms:

"With regard to the State Aided and Rate Aided. These are the products of the distress committees and of the workhouses. The distress committees usually operate through some recognized booking agency, providing the fares for the transportation, and leaving such booking agency to provide the employment on the Canadian side. There is no supervision of an official character exercised over these emigrants. The Emigration Branch of the Department of the Interior is neither advised of their numbers, their character, nor the date of their sailing.

"With reference to the Rate Aided emigration, that is the emigration provided by the Poor Law Guardians, there is a certain measure of control. When, for any reason, the Guardians of the district are satisfied that the inmate of a workhouse is capable of working his way in Canada, or elsewhere, under new conditions, and with a fair start, they apply to the President of the Local Government Board for permission to appropriate from the public rates under the Poor Law a sum necessary for the emigration to Canada, say, of such person, or persons."

The first thought which comes to mind is that if Canada must close the workhouses for her future citizens, she necessarily is rather in a bad way in the matter of her citizenship. Persons do not go to the workhouse ordinarily so long as they are fit and able to make a living for themselves in their own country. This is not in the least to entertain a harsh or callous frame of mind toward these unfortunates; nor does the Commissioner himself entertain any such feeling. On the contrary, bad as we would be disposed to call this source of immigration, he declares it to be better than many others, and goes on to say:

"Emigration of this class is less in quantity than that of any other to which I have referred, and I think enquiry will bear me out in saying that, notwithstanding its source, it is perhaps a little more satisfactory than either that emigrated by the Unemployed Workmen's Act, or the operations of charitable organizations.

"The trouble, however, of a State Aided emigration is that it is dealing with a class of persons whose position is either due to their own intemperance or incompetence, and who, for the most part, lack that self-confidence and self-

reliance that is necessary for success in a new country, and under new conditions.

"I am satisfied that an extremely large proportion of the non-successes in English emigration is due to the unreasonable proportion of that class of emigration sent to Canada. In Scotland, where the proportion of emigrants to the population is more than double what it is in England, there are no such Philanthropic Societies and no such Charitable organizations engaged in emigration work, and you cannot but have observed how few cases of non-success there are amongst the Scottish emigrants.*

"In my humble judgment, the time has now come when the Department should devise rigorous and effective measures, to first discourage, and, secondly, to supervise such charitably-aided emigration."

It is yet early for Canada to check up the results of all the different descriptions of immigrants, so that one turns naturally to the experience of an older country in these matters—the United States. The experience of that country seems to warrant the conclusion of the Commissioner. It is not known precisely how many assisted immigrants come into the United States; but so far as material for future farmers is concerned, the experience there tallies completely with the assertions of Mr. Walker. The best farming citizens do not come from the cities, but from countries where there is a hardy farming population already established. They may be poor, but poverty in world's goods does not make the same handicap as poverty in physical stamina and mental self-reliance. Now, quite aside from the workhouse poor—if we may use a term meant to be descriptive and not contemptuous—there are all manners of other poor who are offered to Canada as citizens. Of these the Commissioner states:

"The total number of persons sent to Canada during the year 1907 by London Charitable Societies alone reaches the important figure of 12,336. These figures do not include all who have been sent to Canada financially assisted out of the Rates. Another 500 perhaps might be added as covering the operations of the various distress committees throughout England, who have booked emigrants in numbers of from ten to fifty by private booking agencies.

"The East End Emigration Society is a purely charitable organization, operating exclusively in the poorest and most crowded part of London—the East End. It is constantly making appeals to the generosity of the wealthy and benevolent through the medium of the public press, and by private appeals for money to emigrate deserving cases.

"It may be conceded at once that this organization is working at what it believes to be a good cause, but unfortunately it is working in a territory where the environment and conditions are all against their obtaining a class of persons suitable for Canada; the vastly populated and greatly congested East End of London cannot be considered a favorable field for obtaining that class of emigrants which Canada needs, and that class of men who are at all likely to accommodate themselves to the conditions obtaining in Canada, and through their own energy and determination build up homes for themselves. The conditions under which they had lived, and in which in all probability their parents for several generations have lived, do not produce the kind of men who are fit for labor which Canadian farmers have to offer, and I cannot but feel that while I accord the very best intentions to this organization, it is working in an area that cannot possibly afford us satisfactory results. This organization books its own passengers, and in common with similar organizations has a private arrangement for a preferential rate in favor of itself as compared with the charge for transportation exacted from the ordinary self-paying emigrant. During the year this organization, *without the slightest control*, either by the Government in this country or by the Emigration Branch of the Department of the Interior in this country, sent to Canada 6,096 persons, recruited from the East End of London, paying, it may be presumed, in every case the total cost of such transportation."

* The Unemployed in Canada."

(To be continued)

THE RIVALS

BY PAUL CRISSEY

ILLUSTRATED BY F. DE FOREST SCHOOK

FAR to the north of the North Saskatchewan, in two log cabins, lived the strapping Pierre Lebou and Jacques Roule, two Frenchmen who worked and sang as they worked. Through the hot summer months when their wheat was heading and ripening in the fields the two men would sit and smoke and talk in the soft French which seemed in tune with the mellow summer days. But when the grain had been harvested and thrashed by the Samon boys and their machine, the summer truce between the two neighbors would suddenly die out, and in its stead there would spring up a fresh rivalry—a fierce rivalry which lasted until the money for the wheat reposed safely in the respective cabins of Labou and Roule. Each year saw this programme of alternate friend and rival enforced; and each year, with lashing whips and struggling horses, the two men strove each to market his grain before the other.

Then, after friendship had once more been effected, the marketing over and the chill of winter in the air, the men would don their quilted sacs and draw from their store chests the beaver caps, and each, shouldering his pack, would take a trail which led to the land of the beaver, the otter and the mink. So, silently plodding through the white snow coated days of winter, through the woods and over the broad valley lands, the men would hunt and trap, each on his own favorite ground. Slowly, but surely, would grow the pack of furs upon Lebou's back, and a hundred miles away, Roule would curse the weight of pelts and moan the emptiness of his provision sack as he plunged through the snow toward the village.

"Ze tabac is gone," muttered Pierre one winter day: "Ze skin is plenty and zee sun ees warm. Time to pack and back trail! Roule will not have so large a plenty of furs."

He chuckled gleefully to himself as he broke the ice in the little creek before him and the thin blue smoke of his tiny camp-fire 'rose, ribbon-like, into the wintry air.

And Roule, many miles away, his cap lying on the snow, his shaggy hair flying in the fast warming breeze, chuckled knowingly to himself as he viewed two piles of stiff brown and black furs, the curing salt sparkling brightly in the sun.

"Not so bad, Jacques!" he cried, as he threw back his head and drank in the smell of thawing snows: "not so bad, eh? Plenty furs Pierre will have. But, sacre! will he have trapped, too, zee fine mademoiselle, a gran' girl for hees little cabine? Not so! Pierre ees zee work harrd, but he ees not for to capture zee belle of Canada. Heigh-ho, zee belle de la Canada ees one fine gran' lady!" and he stirred with his trap-scarred hand the pourie in the frying-pan, while in low soft tones floated from his lips a simple French love song, the ballad of a cavalier to his lady.

"You are happy, my brave?" said a soft French voice in his ear, and the tune from the trapper's lips rose gaily to the crescendo as Roule caught the small, shapely, leather-clad girl in his arms and burst into a voluable tangle of French which caused her to blush like maple leaves in autumn.

"It is well, Jacques, that you love me so—is it not?" she asked.

"Oui, ma belle, did not the priest who married us say even so?" he answered gaily.

"Even so," she answered. "But the cabin; I must see it. Let us pack and go. The spring thaw is in the air and soon, Monsieur, it will be time for the plowing."

"Zee tabac is gone," answered Jacques. "It ees time for sure." The furs were gathered into a pack and, hand in hand, they took the trail for the valley cabin, beyond the forest and towards the sunset

* * * *

"For two seasons now I beat Roule to market," said Pierre to himself, as he dropped his pack on the floor of his cabin and gazed at the smoke slowly drifting upward from the chimney of Roule's cabin. "But dees year, Roule he bring ze hunt in first. It ees well. He get hees first—I bring ze mos'. I win! I eat with Roule to-day. I'm glad he ees good man for to eat with."

He stamped out of his cabin and slashed through the snow toward the cabin of his friend.

"Enter, my neighbor," called Roule from within, and Pierre checked the strong French word of greeting that rose to his lips as he gazed at the figure by Roule's side.

"Come, Pierre," cried Roule: "Eet ees ma belle of Canada, she ees ma wife." And Pierre looked and looked, and tried to smile, for surely the pile of furs on the floor was larger than his, and the woman—the wife—it was plain that Jacques Roule had trapped this winter with the success of a cavalier.

"La Belle de Canada," he muttered. "Even so she ees. Roule, you are one lucky man. I say I wish you have one big gran' time. I go home. You win, Roule. But the wheat? I win the wheat again," he left abruptly with a final solemn stare at the French girl

The spring came, and Pierre watched with satisfaction the early preparations of Jacques Roule.

"Sow the grain early this year, my brave cavalier," had Jacques' wife said and Jacques had planted early — so early that Lebou had laughed to himself over his lonely pipe and muttered

"Jacques, you one big fool. You lose all ze wheat if ze cold come back, and she sure will. I win this year again, Jacques, my once frien'. Your 'ma belle' ees not so know it well zat she change ze program of ze year. I will win, Jacques, and you and your crop will be zee fros' bitteh for ze worse."

And so, a month later, he put in his crop and lashed his horses to town after the harvest only to find that Roule had marketed his grain sooner than before.

"Zee belle of Jacques ees one loup garou. She change zee year," declared Pierre angrily to himself. The next season Pierre sowed his wheat earlier and laughed when he saw Roule sow his a month later.

"I have heem zis time," he cried, "like las' year Roule take hees woman's word. She cannot win two times so I win zis time for sure." But again did the advice of the Belle of Canada win and Pierre's wrath rose to fever pitch. Soon Christmas came and Pierre Lebou saw Jacques wave a farewell to his wife as she took the trail to the village for her yearly visit to the priest.

"She ees a she loup garou," cried Pierre, pacing angrily about in his narrow cabin. "Roule, you have win all time since she came. I win now. Zee wolf call zee hunter an' hees blood boil!"

And in the twilight Pierre Lebou slipped from his lighted cabin and took long, swift strides over the hard winter snows towards the town, beyond the forest, where the Christmas sun was setting blood red.

Roule sat alone in his cabin softly singing his French love song as he polished the gleaming length of his gun barrel. "She ees ma belle de la Canada," he muttered as he hung the gun above the fireplace. Suddenly the thong which held the gun in place broke with a snap, and swinging in a big arc, the heavy stock of the firearm crashed upon his head, striking his temple. Silently he dropped to the floor. He seemed engulfed in blackness, and yet, through the blackness, he saw a shining red sun. Then the sun itself dimmed for a moment and the face of his young wife, big-eyed and frightened, loomed before him. Then

Drawn by H. D. Schook

"YOU ARE ZE SNAKE, LEBOO, AND NOW EET EES TIME FOR YOU TO DO LEE WRIGGLE

that, too, passed and the blackness was pierced by a whisper, an ugly whisper close to his ear, which said:

"I win, Roule! the loup garou is gone the hunter has heard the call and has killed the wolf."

There was a singing noise in his head as Roule returned to consciousness, arose from the floor and stupidly wiped the blood from his face. Then, after gazing blankly around the room, he grabbed up the gun which lay on the floor and went out into the night.

The lights of Lebou's cabin were bright, and throwing his weight against the door, Roule burst into the room. "Lebou," he cried, sharply, and the shaggy figure of his former friend rose stealthily from the chair. For a moment Roule gazed at Pierre, then with the gun safely under his arm, he waved his hand to the door.

"Come," he said: "You are ze snake, Lebou, and now eet ees time for you to do zee wriggle." And then, as if fearful of Roule's blood-shot eyes, Pierre Lebou stumbled ahead into the darkness. The big, lonesome night was starless and the snow under foot crackled and squeaked almost despairingly. With shut teeth and clenched hands Lebou plodded ahead, little realizing where he was going or even conscious that he was leading the way.

Over a long trail through a thick wood he went, and Roule, intent upon every movement of the slinking figure before him, handled his gun restlessly and shivered as the distant howl of a wolf rang weirdly through the night. Suddenly, without a word, Lebou stopped and folded his arms.

"Ze loup garou ees dead," he said, quietly. "Ze hunter hear ze call and killed."

And Roule, gazing at what he expected to see, noticed that the snow around the dark little figure before him was not tinged with red.

"It ees well," said Jacques Roule. "It ees well that you, too, Pierre Lebou, should be killed by ze hunter like ze snake that you are. It ees well—eh, Pierre?" The soft French tones were almost seductive in their inflections, and the big figure of Lebou shook as if in a cutting wind. The gun slipped to the snow and the two knives flashed for an instant above the whiteness of the snow under foot. Then with swift strokes, parried and countered, the big men of the forest slashed and stabbed at each other.

With a satisfied smile Roule met the charges, seeming almost willing to be struck. Once, when the panting breaths of the men rose like small steam clouds against the forest trees, Roule stepped forward and bared his breast for the stroke and cried:

"I care not, Pierre, you win! Ze snake has killed ma belle of Canada and now I, too, will go."

He smiled as he watched the blood-shot eyes of Lebou, who was gathering for a final spring, and then glanced at the girl lying in the snow. The long hunting knife flashed upward against the sky and began the downward descent. Suddenly there was a moan from the form below, and Roule's eyes flashed fire as he cried: "Ma belle! Ma belle! You live and ze snake shall die."

He gathered together and plunged his knife forward toward the fast coming stroke of Pierre's, but the stroke did not carry; the moan from the girl in the snow had unnerved the crazed Lebou and the cruel light had gone out of his face as he dropped the raised knife. Then, with a wild scream, he turned and plunged into the forest, shrieking as he went. Roule watched for an instant, then crouching over the body of the girl in the snow he picked her up in his arms and hurriedly took the trail for the cabin, sobbing piteously to her as he went. Through the long night he nursed her back to life. Just before the sunrise she murmured:

"My brave, you win, and the snake is gone! Is it not so?"

"Even so," Jacques Roule answered. "Even so. And ze snake—ze snake ees gone forever. Yes, forever! Ma belle," he added, as through the far-off forest there rang a faint shriek for a moment, followed by the howls of hungry wolves. Then all was still—and the Belle of Canada slept sweetly in Jacques' arms.

PLACER MINING ON NORTHERN RIVERS

BY AGNES DEANS CAMERON

Director Dominion of Canada Educational Association

TO work placers one must have access to water, wood and quicksilver. In California mines water was very scarce, in New Zealand the early miners were hampered by the lack of wood for structural purposes. British Columbia has wood and water galore. Arrived in the auriferous region the miner must first locate a scene of operations. This pursuit is called "prospecting". Armed with a pan and some quicksilver the prospector proceeds to test his bar or bench. Bars are accumulations of detritus upon the ancient channels of some river. They constitute often the present banks of the river; benches are the gold-bearing banks when rising in the form of terraces. Filling his pan with earth the miner dips it gently in the stream and by a rotary motion precipitates the black sand with pebbles to the bottom, the lighter earth being allowed to escape over the edge of the pan. The pan is then placed by a fire to dry, and the lighter particles of sand are blown away, leaving the fine gold at the bottom. If the gold be exceedingly fine it must be amalgamated with quicksilver. Estimating the value of the gold produced by one pan, the prospector readily calculates whether it will pay him to take up a claim there. In this rough method of testing the superior specific gravity of gold over every other metal except platinum is the basis of operations—the gold will always wash to the bottom.

Next to the individual "pan" comes as a primitive contrivance for gold-washing, the "rocker". This is constructed like a child's cradle with rockers beneath, and is four feet long, two feet wide, one and one-half feet deep, the top and one end being open. A perforated sheet iron bottom allows the larger pebbles to pass through, and riffles or cleets arranged like the slats of a Venetian blind and charged with quicksilver arrest the gold. The rocker takes two men to work. One pours in the earth and the sluicing water, the other rocks.

On a still larger scale is sluicing, which is really the same principle exactly as the pan and the rocker adapted to a powerful series of flumes or wooden aqueducts, down which some mountain torrent is deflected, the gold-bearing earth being shovelled in from the sides. By means of an immense hose called a "giant", whole mountain sides of rich sand are broken down and subsequently treated.

Quartz-mining ultimately becomes the permanent method of extracting gold after the alluvial placers have been worked out. In the early days of gold mining in British Columbia, the quartz industry was only in its infancy, requiring as it does money, machinery and concerted action to crush the imbedded gold from out the encircling quartz. Placer mining is poor man's mining and has a charm, a glamour of expectancy which yields to no elaborately planned-out campaign of imported machinery, consolidated companies and the selling of shares. The free prospector singly or in partnership works off his own bat, makes his own discoveries and locations and hugs to his soul each night the delirious hope of millions on the morrow. Gold-fever is a disease that the doctors cannot cure, and if its fiery stream courses through a man's blood for two or three successive years, no conservative position in the world without, with a certain salary fixed and limited, will have power to hold him.

The Fort Hope Diggings first at-

tracted the miners of the gold-rush of 1858, the best paying bars being the Victoria Bar, French Bar and Marinulle. The official returns of this region give a minimum average of between $5 and $10 per man per day here. Two miners realized $1,350 in six weeks.

The Yale Diggings embraced the river banks between Hope and Yale and for some distance beyond Yale again, Hill's, Emery's, and Boston Bars being the most noted diggings. The enormous rush of miners reaching first the Hope, Yale and the Lower Fraser, although by no means exhausting these grounds, did take the cream of the big gettings from these deposits, and now the cry for richer and more removed grounds went up.

In California was gold not more plentiful near the *source* of the streams and are not the rivers of British Columbia greater than those of California? Further back towards the frozen ocean the fortune-hunters will go. And so the peaceful settlers on Vancouver Island, on the Cowlitz, and from the valley of the Columbia, leave ox and plow and steading, the bound servants of the monopoly break their contracts and throw off their allegiance, the saw-mills of the Sound are silent, and the northern trek begins again. By sea and by land the Argonauts pour in, from Oregon they come and from California, from Canada and Europe, from Australia and these isles of the sea, and the world sees enacted the third great devil dance of the nations.

Governor Douglas was a diplomat, he looked ahead and he knew how to manage men. When the first gold benches on the Fraser were worked out, and the miners would fain push on and break new ground, it became imperative that a more practical and less hazardous route to the front must be opened up. The Indians knew of a way from Lillooet, through the Harrison Lake and River and over the Douglas portages. In Victoria 500 miners had their faces turned towards the new diggings. Douglas would try the virtues of co-operation. His proposition to the miners was this: each man as an evidence of good faith would deposit $25 in the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company, and sign an agreement to work upon the trail until it was completed; the Hudson's Bay Company in return agreed to carry the miners to the point of commencement on the Harrison River, feed them all the time they worked, and give them back their $25 at the expiry of the contract. The length of proposed trail (including water way) was seventy miles. The scheme worked well, it was an object lesson in economics, the miners were well pleased with their bargain, and the Hudson's Bay Company found itself in possession of a money making toll-road. Miles were money in those days; beans that could be bought in Victoria for a cent and a half a pound were worth five cents at Port Douglas where the trail began, and at the end of the communistic highway had increased to the value of a dollar and a half a pound.

Every monopoly dies in time, having performed its work and even the Hudson's Bay Company, with its giant agrarian grasp, must pass under the law. On August 2d, 1858, the Imperial Parliament passed an Act to provide for the Government of British Columbia, the new name given to that Pacific Province of the Mother Land stretching from the 49th parallel north to the Naas and the Finlay and including the territory from the crest of the Rockies westward to the sea with the Island of Queen Charlotte and adjacent isles. With the expiration of the Company's exclusive license to trade with the Mainland Indians, the Imperial Government re-purchased the Company's rights to Vancouver Island for the sum of $57,500. In the year 1863, the Hudson's Bay Company stations in British Columbia were reduced to thirteen, Fort Simpson, Langley, Hope, Yale, Thompson River, Alexandria, George, St. James, McLeod, Connelly Lake, Fraser Lake, Sheppard, and Babine.

In 1860 the Cariboo rush began. The Cariboo country may be roughly described as lying between the headwaters of the Fraser and the Thompson in latitude 52° to 54° north. The chief river of the region was the Quesnel,

well-known to the old Hudson's Bay traders, and the old Fort Alexandria lay but 40 miles distant. Previous to 1860 the Fraser mining had been almost exclusively by rocker and sluice, and with the more or less satisfactory scratching of the surface, operations had ceased, but in the new Cariboo country shafts and drifts and pumping-machines are to penetrate the mysteries of deep placers. The 1,500 miners of Cariboo shipped to Victoria before the end of next year (1861) two million of dollars in coarse nuggets, and the name Cariboo became as well known throughout the world as either Sacramento or Balarat.

Each Creek had a history of its own, Quesnel Forks being the first to develop into a permanent camp and early assuming the dignity of a small town. Here a party of five with two rockers took out in one week a hundred ounces of gold. On the south branch of the Quesnel below the outlet of Quesnel Lake mining operations persisted until the year 1872 at which time a gang of Chinamen were still making ten dollars a day to the man.

In Cedar Creek exceptionally rich diggings developed, here the Aurora claim with sluices, flumes and working plant costing $8,000, yielded in the year 1866 $20,000 and in August of the next year it was paying one hundred ounces a week. Among the right branch tributaries of the Quesnel was the famous Keithley Creek at whose mouth in 1861 grew up the town of Keithley. On this creek in this year five men in a single day laid bare $1,200 in good-sized nuggets, and their daily outget for a time was sixteen ounces of gold per man. In the autumn several companies turned out a hundred dollars a day to the man; the diggings continued on Keithley Creek until 1875, the conservative Chinee continuing for a decade afterwards to scrape these auriferous sands. In 1864 Cunningham Creek "made good", here a party of four white men unearthed an old river channel and in one day took out $460 apiece

The Antler Creek roused the interest of two continents. The London "Times" declared the bed of Antler Creek to be, like the heavenly streets, paved with gold, rockers yielded easily fifty ounces in an hour or two, a shovelful sometimes realized $50, and good-sized nuggets could be picked out by hand. The inevitable stampede followed, and by June, 1860, houses, saloons and sawmills were in evidence. Individuals at Antler made as high as $1,000 a day, much of the ground yielding $1,000 to the square foot, the creek easily produced a gross output of $10,000 a day for the entire summer.

Grouse Creek evolved the famed Heron claim which had a wonderful history. An original outlay of $150,000 put this claim in running order. It immediately yielded $300,000 and, on the assumption that it was then worked out, the locators sold it for $4,000. The new-comers cut an outlet 18 miles deeper than the previous one with the result that for the whole of that season eighty ounces a week were produced. The Heron claim remained quiescent until the year 1866, when in conjunction with discovery and other claims a yield of $15,000 to $20,000 per share was realized

Then Williams Creek looms large on the horizon. In 1865 Barkerville on Williams Creek became the distributing point for the whole Cariboo country; the aggregate output of which in seven years reached the total of no less than twenty-five millions of dollars. The gold here was found on a deposit of blue clay, the figures of individual earnings being astounding. The Steele party picked out of the clay 796 ounces in two days, their aggregate for two months being $105,000, while prospects of $600 to the pan are authenticated.

The year 1862 eclipsed the year 1861, and 1863 was better than 1862, and from 1863 to 1867 the deep ground diggings of this Creek were the main producers of all Cariboo.

Cariboo is a sea of mountains and pine covered hills rising to the height of 8,000 feet above the sea level. Everywhere are evidences of volcanic eruption, strata are uptilted and the beds of old streams are heaved to the hill-tops. Round this centre of wealth the main artery of the Fraser wraps its semi-circular course and to the main

stream the gold-bearing branches pour their tribute. Lightning, Antler, Keithley and Williams Creek take their rise in the Bald Mountains, radiating directly from a peak in this range known as the Snow-Shoe Mountain. In this mountain is supposed to lie the matrix of the Cariboo gold supply. The great draw-backs which confront the miner are the denseness of the encircling forests, the rugged formation of every foot of the land and the consequent arduous and expensive nature of all transportation work. Added to this is the shortness of the season for work, the severe winter precluding all operations between the months of October and June.

The extraordinary yield of the Cariboo mines appears in the facts that in 1861 the whole of Vancouver Island and British Columbia were supported by the gold gotten from Antler Creek alone, and for four years Williams Creek supported a population of 16,000, many of whom left the country with large fortunes. And yet Williams Creek is only a narrow gully worked for less than two miles of its length in the roughest manner, the mining being practically a scratching of the surface unaided by costly machinery and destitute of steam or electric power.

THE ST. LAWRENCE GRAIN OUTLET

BY W. J. HEALY

SOME time ago the Chamber of Commerce of New York City awoke to the fact that Montreal, and not Boston, Philadelphia or Baltimore, is diverting the export grain trade from the former line of movement to Atlantic ports. When once attention had been directed to the extent of grain exports by the way of Montreal, the underlying reasons for such deflection soon became apparent. A very large portion of the wheat-growing area of this continent lies in the region of those great internal seas that extend for more than a thousand miles along the International boundary. Wheat from the lake region is finding a cheaper outlet to Northern Europe by water route to the port on the St. Lawrence, where transfers are made to ocean ships. It has been discovered that from Buffalo eastward Montreal is getting a two cent differential over New York and nearly as much as that over Baltimore. Such an immense advantage in rates has already worked to the diverting of lake grain to the St. Lawrence outlet.

The statistics of wheat exports from the United States and Canada for the two months beginning with June and ending with July indicate the extent of the diversion. During those two months there went out from the Canadian ports for various European points 7,901,262 bushels of wheat, while the combined shipments from the five leading Atlantic ports of the United States amounted to 7,585,381 bushels. Well may the Baltimore American say: "That is surely capturing the export wheat traffic with a vengeance. The discouraging phase of the situation consists in the fact that grain can be carried by the all-water haul at a figure which would be ruinous to the railroads delivering to United States ports if they dropped to it."

Continuing, the journal quoted draws come consolation from the fact that the figures indicate that Baltimore has sustained a less proportionate loss in the export wheat trade than New York. The reason for this it finds in the fact that Baltimore taps a wheat zone that lies far enough south of the lake region to render the water route seaward less easily available. Kansas and Mis-

souri each grow an annual big wheat surplus, and Baltimore is in better geographical position, relative to the more southerly wheat area, than any more northerly Atlantic port.

But let us consider the case of New York and Boston. Says the New York Commercial in a recent issue: "For nearly a whole month prior to last week not one bushel of grain was shipped from Boston to a foreign port, and the limited shipments in the closing days of July were due directly to the overflow of grain receipts at Montreal for foreign shipment. Every Atlantic city heretofore and commonly accounted a 'grain port' is suffering in its export trade as Boston is and from the same cause—the lower rail rates to Montreal from the grain centres of the West. 'There has not been a bushel of grain shipped from New York to London in four months,' said P. A. S. Franklin, vice-president of the International Mercantile Marine, in commenting on the local situation yesterday."

This condition has induced most of the trans-Atlantic steamship companies maintaining a freight service from New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore to appeal a second time to the Trunk Line Association for relief. "Steamships have been withdrawn from all the ports named," says the appeal, which is signed by forty-odd steamship companies, "on account of their not being able to get cargoes, while Montreal is not only leading the regular tonnage, but the favorable grain rates to that port are also attracting tramp steamers in addition to the regular line." The complaining companies do not ask that the lower Montreal rail rate be exactly equalled for the United States seaports, but that some moderate concessions be made which will enable the United States ports, by means of the expert use of banking and other facilities, to get at least a share of the business.

But, of course, as the New York Commercial points out, "the trouble is not all with the railroad charges from the interior grain centres to the seaboard." The other "trouble" is indicated by the action of an important conference of prominent business men of New York, at which resolutions were passed declaring that action should be taken to cause the reopening of the closed canals in the State of New York, to push the completion of the new barge canal and all other waterways, to improve the terminal facilities at New York City, for the cheap and convenient handling, storage and transshipment of frieght, to reduce port charges to a minimum, remove exactions and annoyances and generally "to put the city and State in a position where they may be on a parity with other communities in the competition for the world's commerce."

In a word, it is beginning to be fully realized that they must bestir themselves in the United States if they are to compete with our grain route, that they must compete largely through canals, and that our route has the great advantage, in addition to all others of shortening the distance to be traversed across the Atlantic. And this says nothing of the Hudson's Bay outlet, or of the Georgian Bay Canal project, or the project of a new Welland Canal, by which it is estimated that at a cost of $30,000,000 as against the $100,000,000 which it is estimated the Georgian Bay Canal would cost, a saving of three cents per bushel could be made in the transportation of grain from Fort William to Montreal, without transshipment.

THAT MIDAS TOUCH

BY SAMUEL E. KISER

Author of "Sonnets of An Office Boy," "Ballads of the Busy Days"

ONCE upon a time there was a prominent citizen who had a foolish son. The boy's name was Arthur. The prominent citizen who was also a solid business man, was much concerned over the foolishness of his child. He had tried his best to make Arthur see how fine a thing it would be for him to develop the business instinct and grow up to be a millionaire and a man of consequence in the community.

But Arthur, being weak-minded, had no taste for business. Instead of racing with the rest of the family to gain possession of the morning paper, so that he might study the financial page, he would read books of poetry, and he even made some rhymes himself. Another indication of his weakness of intellect lay in the fact that he would rather study a Whistler etching than the front elevation of a factory one hundred and sixty by seven hundred feet, designed by Root, Mimms and Burbick for J. W. Higgins & Co.

Arthur's father tried to reason with him, but this seemed to be useless. The old gentleman could not induce his boy to sit up nights trying to figure out how he might go into business with a working capital of $25,000 and pay dividends amounting to ninety-four per cent. per annum. Arthur tried it many times, but always became so interested in the mystery of the stars that he forgot other things.

Instead of entering his father's establishment as a mere clerk and gradually working his way up he would go out into the fields and feast his eyes upon the beauties of nature. He could sit for hours under a greenwood tree, and imagine that the little live things which peeped and squeaked in the grass at his feet were beings that had a serious purpose and might, if he were able to understand their language, tell him things which would be of importance to the human race. This was very distressing to Arthur's father. He would have given much to anyone who could have cured the boy of his infirmity.

Once Arthur picked up the petal of a rose, and said it was more wonderful than the great establishment of Charjum and Sendit, who employed more than a thousand clerks. Up to that time Arthur's father had hoped; but when the boy gave utterance to such folly the saddened old man bowed his head and said to himself that it was no use. Still he did not give up. He was a man who possessed bull dog tenacity It had often been said that his sticktoitiveness was largely responsible for the success he had achieved, and it made him proud to think that this was so. He had started in life as a poor boy, and his fortune had become so great that he had to pay taxes on more than $60,000 worth of personal property, which was almost as great a trial to him as the feeble-mindedness of his son.

So in spite of the hopelessness of the case he kept on urging Arthur to quit reading poetry and studying nature, and to turn his attention to business. He gave the boy lectures daily on the importance of getting money.

"The man who can take one dollar and make it earn five," he would say, "is greater than all the poets that have ever lived since Shakespeare wrote 'Paradise Lost.' If you can learn how to run a department of my business and make it show net earnings of fifteen per cent. a year you will be doing a far greater thing than the man did who discovered that the sun was nine times as big as the earth."

Arthur's father talked and thought so much about money that the wrinkles at the corner of his eyes had taken the

form of dollar marks. He estimated every man's worth by the size of his bank account, and to him the word Success had only one meaning, which was Wealth.

But all his talk was wasted upon Arthur. His intellect was too weak to make it possible for him to understand that God had put man on earth for the sole purpose of getting rich. Arthur's wisdom did not increase with his years. He could not get interested in stock quotations or the grain market, and the jobbing business remained a mystery which he had no wish to solve.

One day when he lay beneath the spreading branches of a tree, gazing up at the little spots of blue sky that showed between the fluttering leaves, he heard a sweet voice calling to him. He looked all about him, and at length saw near his left foot a small green object, which he at first supposed to be an insect, but which presently assumed the form of a beautiful fairy. As he gazed at her she became larger and larger until she was as tall as a maiden in her 'teens. Presently she sat down beside him, and for a long time they conversed.

"Arthur," she said in the sweetest tones he had ever heard, "your father is greatly worried about you. He has tried his best to get you to take an interest in business and your failure to do so is the hardest trial he has to bear."

"I know," replied Arthur. "I have tried to understand business, but I can't get it through my head. If I could only discover some way to make money my father would be the happiest man in the world. If I could go to him to-night and tell him I had made a thousand dollars his pride would be greater than if I had been the discoverer of the law of gravity. But, alas, it cannot be. I have never earned a hundred dollars in my life."

"Be of good cheer, Arthur," the fairy said, smiling sweetly upon him, "I have long known all about your trouble, and it is to aid you that I have made myself visible to you to-day. After I have kissed you upon the brow everything you touch will turn to money."

With a glad cry Arthur bent forward and the fairy's lips were pressed upon his forehead. Then she became invisible, and as it was becoming late Arthur started for home. On his way he plucked a leaf from a branch that swayed above him, and it at once became a bank note. He plucked other leaves, and they turned to money. When he had a handful of bills he went on, thinking of the joy his father would have when the cash was counted out before him. A little dog ran out of a yard, as Arthur was hurrying homeward, to greet him. Arthur bent down and patted the dog on the head, and was astonished to see the little animal immediately turn into a heap of silver coins. Without stopping to pick up the money Arthur rushed on and reached home just as his father, after a strenuous day's business, was going up the steps.

"Father! Father!" cried Arthur, "I have glad news for you. A wonderful thing has happened. My eyes have been opened. I am at last able to see how splendid a thing it is to get money."

"My boy!" exclaimed the old man, "my boy!"

He was too full for further utterance, but turning he grasped his son's outstretched hand, and was immediately transformed into a bright, new nickel and a ten cent piece.

When Arthur saw what he had done he was overwhelmed with grief. His first thought was of the fairy, and, dropping the fifteen cents which represented all that was left of his father, he started back toward the tree under which the fatal kiss had been pressed upon his brow. When he reached it he looked around eagerly for the fairy, and in a little while he saw her blithely approaching.

"You seem to be in trouble, Arthur," she said. "Tell me what is the matter. Perhaps I can help you."

In trembling tones he related all that had happened, and the fairy, after a silvery laugh, said:

"Don't be so distressed. I can by

pressing another kiss upon your brow make everything as it was before. The leaves which you plucked will wave upon the branches again, the dog that you patted will be restored to his former condition, and your father will be himself, and never know that anything happened."

Arthur begged her to kiss him at once, and she did so. Then he noticed that the bills which he had carried in his left hand were gone, and with a long sigh of relief he pictured to himself his father going up the front steps, weary after a day of ceaseless activity in the world of commerce

"Good-by," said the fairy, "it is growing late. I must be off."

"Wait a moment, please," Arthur implored, "there is a question I want you to answer. I noticed that the leaves I plucked were all turned into bills of large denominations. When I patted the little dog's head the coins into which he was transformed must have amounted to several hundred dollars. Why was it, then, that when I grasped my father's hand he became only fifteen cents?"

The fairy looked gravely into Arthur's eyes for a moment, and then replied:

"In your world men place values upon things with no reference to the value they may have in the sight of God, and without considering what their importance may be in the scheme of nature. When you became possessed of power to turn into money everything you touched it was provided that the universal value of the things so transformed was to be shown by the standard of measurement which men have chosen for themselves."

"Do you mean to say," Arthur demanded, "that my father, a prominent citizen, and a man who has made millions of dollars, is of less real——"

But the fairy had vanished.

REMINISCENCE

BY JANE ROTHWELL

THE racing wind and the soaring skies
Conspired with the magician sea
To enchant—or was it her dark, dark eyes?
I kept this flower you see,
Fragile, faded, waxen pale,
Frail token of a love more frail.

Treasured awhile, forgotten soon,
My romance of an afternoon
Is withered now and dead.
These ashes of its phosphor flame
In ghostly words proclaim
That one more dream is fled
To Maya, whence it came.

MODERN MAN AND THE GOSPEL

BY SHAILER MATHEWS, M. A., D. D

Author of "The Church and the Changing Order."

SEVENTH PAPER

IN THE course of these articles it has repeatedly appeared that, as preached by the earliest Apostles, the Gospel was not a philosophy or a way of living, but precise and definite information concerning the Christ and His kingdom. Approached from any point in the circle of their thought, the centre of the apostolic message will be found at the point where the age in which they lived ended and the new age in which death should be overcome and the righteous should live as they knew their Christ to be already living, began. In fact, the Gospel is apocalyptic and eschatological in both form and content. Now matters of this sort modern man is increasingly inclined to make incidental. He has little interest in the eschatology and much in the life that now is. And when unphilosophical literalists undertake to shape the precise words of the New Testament into a system of doctrine, he at once loses interest. Is his indifference warranted?

I.

We have already sufficiently emphasized the fact that the early Christian's thought converged to the day of judgment. After that awful event human lives were expected to follow two ways. There was to be both the Age-life and the Age-death. Both alike were to be endless, but endlessness was not their predominant characteristic. Just because the Age was to be new, everything pertaining to it was to have new values. Death and life were, though literal, but generic terms. The bad man was to suffer punishment, the living good man was to enjoy bliss; the bad dead man went to the lake of fire or to some other horrible place of punishment, the risen believer in Christ went just as certainly to heaven and the companionship of his Lord.

It was as far from the thought of the early Christian as from that of the Pharisee to conceive of the death of the wicked as absolute annihilation. Neither even so much as approaches this metaphysical thought. The early Christian, like his Pharisaic contemporaries, distinguished between the resurrection and immortality. Although it is possible to plead one or two passages to show something to the contrary, the general trend of the New Testament as a whole, and of Paulinism in particular, is towards the position described by Josephus as held by the Pharisees, that the wicked continued to exist, but had no new body given them at the time that the souls of the righteous were given such bodies. Conditional immortality is foreign both to the Christian and to the Jewish eschatological conceptions properly interpreted. The righteous were certainly to be raised from the dead; the wicked had no such hope.

It is a little difficult to find precise statements in the New Testament as to just when the new Age would be inaugurated and the destinies of individuals be irrevocably fixed. For themselves they were living in the "last days". Beyond this fact, speaking generally, their programme is not unlike that of Pharisaism. The Christ was to appear to establish His kingdom; the dead were to be raised, the living

were to be changed into the glorified life which belonged to those who entered the kingdom, the judgment throne was to be set and the sentences given.

It does not appear that the early Christians believed in absolute equality in the heavenly kingdom. Men would be saved but their works might perish. Some men had built houses of gold, and others houses of stubble. The judgment would declare the relative standing of all those who were saved. For the wicked there was reserved fire and no share in the resurrection. With the complete establishment of the Messianic kingdom and the complete conquest over death—in a word, when the Messianic work of the Christ had been completed and the members of His kingdom had received their promised inheritance, the Christ would give over His kingdom to the Father, that God might be all in all. Then would begin the endless Age of bliss and joy for the believer who was to be like His Lord in the possession of a spiritual body and freed from the power of sin, which laid hold of the flesh.

These seem to be the common elements of the New Testament eschatology wherever they can be distinctly seen. Besides them, however, each writer has his own peculiar views, all, practically without exception, to be paralleled in the literature of Judaism. How far these views were held by the church as a whole, it is impossible to say. There is, for instance, no evidence that the Christians as a whole were either pre-millenarians or post-millenarians, though the whole tendency of the New Testament teaching would seem to indicate that the inauguration of the kingdom would be at the second coming of Jesus. Here, as in the general Messianic hope of the Pharisee, so in that of the Christian there was great latitude for individual belief. If a man believed that Jesus was presently to come as Christ to establish His kingdom, that there was to be final judgment in which the future of the whole race was to be fixed, that the righteous were to share in the resurrection and in the heavenly bliss, evidence of which they already had in the presence of the Holy Spirit, he seems to have been free to accept or reject an intermediate period of quiet or of struggle, two resurrections, two judgments, and two deaths. The common belief was the characteristic belief.

II.

Remote as the details of this forecast of the future seem to men of to-day, the world would be poorer and morality much less imperative if they were treated simply as matters of antiquarian interest. It is very true that the modern man finds it impossible to believe in a Jerusalem literally coming down out of the skies, or of a Christ literally enthroned in the clouds, or of a lake of fire in which men and women literally burn forever and ever. Yet he would be a blind student of life as we know it who would say that these interpretations of nature contained nothing more than pictures inherited from Pharisaism.

To begin with, there is the resurrection of Jesus himself. The man who believes in this simply must have an eschatology. He has facts that must be interpreted. He cannot push questions dealing with life after death to one side. It will not do to stop with the bare belief of the Apostles that they had seen Jesus, and to say that they were mistaken and that their experiences were visions. The Apostles knew what visions were, for they had them, but their sight of Jesus they treat as something different from visions. The facts that led them to modify their inherited views compel men of to-day to face the question of the next age into which humanity will go. We may practice the agnostic attitude as regards the future life, but each advance in such agnosticism is a step away from the Gospel.

Then, in the second place, there is the resurrection of the body. The New Testament writers make it plain that what this phrase means is not the reanimation of the physical body, but the possession of something which will do for the soul in its new environment what the physical body does in the present. The data at our disposal do

not enable us to present the apostolic thought at this point with any fullness, but as has been so often said in these papers, it is clear that the early Christian expected that a Christian would be like his risen Lord. At first glance this seems very difficult for the modern man to take seriously, but second thought will be pretty apt to convince him that in the light of physiological psychology, the question of immortality rises and falls with the question of the existence of some sort of meditating organism corresponding to our nervous system. In fact, one would be led to say frankly, that in view of the new facts at our disposal, it is a question between no immortality at all and the sort of immortality expected by the writer of the fifteenth chapter of I. Corinthians.

Then, in the third place, there is the certainty that the divinely regulated and inspired cosmic process which has given us humanity with Jesus at its head, will not stop with human beings as they find themselves at death. There is an age before the scientist as truly as before the apostle. If life exists only that it may cease we should perhaps have less confidence at this point, but life always looks to life beyond itself. Jesus, as Paul suggests, summarizes humanity as it has risen in the past, but he also transcends humanity by his anticipation of its future. Into the metaphysical questions which this statement must suggest, we cannot now enter. It is enough to say that the Jewish belief in the consummation of an imperfect age and the coming of a better one is but another illustration of how fundamental facts were reached in prescientific days by methods that are to-day outgrown and disused.

Nor can we say that the day of judgment is a mere figure of speech. It is true that we do not think of the fixing of our futures in terms of the law court. It is also true that it is impossible for the modern man to picture all the men who have lived since the beginning of the race brought together at one place before a judgment throne where great books are opened and their records are read, and each man is individually given an individual sentence based upon written records. Yet this, after all, is but the imagery of the idea of a very real day of judgment. We know the future well enough to say that there must come a time when there shall be infinite readjustment in human lives. Such readjustment will not be due to our own determinations, but will be fixed by God's own influence. We know of critical moments in our physical development. Why should there not be similar ones in our spiritual development? At all events, no one would be likely to deny that a personality without a body of flesh would be under utterly new conditions.

It would be unsafe to say that Jesus will have no personal share in this coming age. If any one is to have personal immortality it must certainly be he. Whatever he is to living men of any age he will certainly be to men who share with him the new. So to generalize judgment as to omit him as a feature is unjustifiable. Better a plea of ignorance than that.

Thus, although each one of us may have his own private philosophy of the future, we are very likely to agree on points which are precisely the equivalents of those on which the early Christians agreed. For those who hold the words of the Apostles literally and seek to base upon them a complete forecast of the future, as well as for those who treat them as inherited forms of thought in which were expressed great facts—for both alike there rises the certainty that life gets its meaning in this continuance after death; that, as the course of human conduct is fixed by motives and acts working under the great law of cause and effect this side of death, so will it be after. The lake of fire may be a figure, but the terrible consequences of sin are a fact. The heavenly Jerusalem with golden streets which descends from heaven may be a dream, but the association of good men with each other and with Jesus Christ hereafter is a fact. Let us grasp the problem of the future firmly. We should be happier if we were sure of immortality and a better age to come. The Gospel is the

news of such a future. Why not treat its contents seriously?

It has not been my intention in these articles to attempt a defense of Christianity, but rather to set forth as plainly as possible the fundamental elements of the Gospel as they were preached by the Apostles and then to show how, despite the difference in our way of thinking, these essential elements have their expression in to-day's forms of thought and vocabularies. We cannot outgrow facts. We simply have to reclassify and redescribe them. If the Gospel we and millions have followed be cunningly devised fables, we want to know it. But if, as I believe, an unbiased criticism shows that the records of the life and death and resurrection of Jesus are on the whole trustworthy, there is no excuse for our neglecting them. Theories as to the origin of religion, formulation of the results of the comparative study of religions, infinitely less the emphasizing of admitted difficulties in our records, will never replace the simple story of our Lord, or the magnificent promises that are contained in His resurrection.

THE SHADOW

BY ELIZABETH MUNGER

A POET woke from troubled dreams, and said
To that great mother of all sleepers, Night,
Whose dusky dress hung softly 'round his bed,
"Is it the world between us and the Light?"

Then he arose and at his window stood,
Until the dim night faded fast away,
Till Night deserted with her silent brood,
And left him gazing in the eyes of Day

And all at once the birds began to sing,
And men stood up to buy and sell—to fight,
To kill —to love and hate in short, to wring
From out the world their portion of delight.

While still the sun hung high aloft the skies,
The poet, watching, listening, from his height,
Repeated softly, half in sad surprise,
"It is the world between us and the Light."

THE STORY OF THE PLAY

Books may be had anywhere, but the drama is only for those who live in or visit the great cities, save as it may be seen by deputy. For that reason we have provided such a deputy, through whose eyes our readers, wherever they live, may look in upon the best new play of each month, wherever it may be acted. Hugh Stuart Campbell, the artist, is to perform this pleasant service, and will contribute a portrait-sketch of the leading actress or actor in each production. THE EDITOR

THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE

"THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE," is a modern comedy in the best sense of the word, although at times it touches tragic significance. It deals with the fundamental problem of all religions, as also with the most far-reaching sociological problem of the day. By suggestion, in the text of the surface story, the author presents a symbolic, or internal story which conveys his appeal to the spiritual sympathies of every class and creed.

The external story is replete with human interest. Three brothers have drifted far apart on the sea of life. One becomes a vicar in the high church of England; the other turns scavenger; the third disappears in India. The vicar marries above his social station and gains fame as a profound student and an eloquent preacher. The scavenger marries and has a child, his wife dies of typhoid, and he turns for comfort to drink. The vicar and his wife step in and take away his baby daughter. On the morning that the play begins, the baby has become a fifteen year old girl. Since the day she was taken into the vicar's home her foster parents have not seen her father. Neither has the family of the vicar's wife become reconciled with her for marrying beneath her social rank.

The curtain rises upon the breakfast room of the vicar's house. A rich oak panelling and beamed ceiling provide a handsome background for numerous, large religious paintings. One, a modern interpretation of the Divine Author of our religion, is particularly lifelike and sympathetic. Without the paintings the room might belong to a wealthy nobleman. Their presence suggests a tone of asceticism which emphasizes the comfortable luxury surrounding them.

The man who aids Rogers the page-boy to lay the cloth for breakfast is the new butler who has arrived only that morning from India. He calls himself Manson, but there is something start-

lingly familiar in the straight, graceful Eastern garments, the sweet, strong face, and gentle voice.

"I cawn't get it out of my 'ead as I've knowed you somewhere before, Mr. Manson. Perhaps it's this reincarnation the Daily Mail has been writing about," concludes Rogers as he arranges the silver. "Think, Mr. Manson, perhaps we wos lords once in ancient Babylon!"

When the vicar enters he shows no interest in Manson's past He questions him only in regard to his religion — the formula of which is so important in a clergyman's family. Manson's creed is simple. "I love God and my brothers—*all* of them."

The words twinge sharply a cord that the vicar is endeavoring to ease. He has been most successful in loving God, but—*all* his brothers, particularly his brother Robert whom he banished from his life with shame and dislike fifteen years before. What of Robert? Yesterday when Robert wrote to him for the first time in fifteen years and asked to see his daughter, what had the vicar replied? Hastily he had telegraphed him not to come. The fact that the house was in disorder because of the plumbing and drains furnished a plausible excuse.

This freshly-excited consciousness about Robert is sufficient to agitate the vicar. When, however, he conducts the morning service in the church next door and not a person attends, his soul is in revolt against itself. For some time a defect in the drains has filled the vicar's study and the church with noxious sewer gases so powerful that the congregation prefers the market-place speeches of old Bletchly the atheist to the vicar's sermons. The entire plumbing beneath the church is evidently impaired and the vicar has not been able to raise money to have it restored to a sanitary condition.

In contrast with the vicar's gloomy state of mind, Mary, his little niece, is filled with the gladness of the spring morning. She is bursting with news. "A wonderful thing will happen today," she confides to Manson, with whom she at once makes friends. "Yesterday uncle received a letter from his brother Joshua who disappeared in India so many years ago. And weren't we surprised—isn't it just like a fairy-tale—Uncle Joshua is the Bishop of Benares—the bishop whose name is on everybody's lips. Why, he's the very biggest person you ever heard of in this world. And he wrote: 'I shall be with you during to-morrow morning. If anyone will help me, I will restore your church.'

"To think that before the day is out he will be sitting down here, perhaps in this very place, just like——" Mary breaks off suddenly, gazing at Manson, for his eyes have taken a strange fire.

"Just as I am now," Manson completes her thought softly.

"Yes!" falters Mary. The sudden realization comes to her that Manson is the Bishop of Benares. It is so strange and wonderful that she is dumb.

He appeals to her to keep the secret and "help him spin the fairy tale." "I am the servant in this house. I have my work to do."

* * * *

While the vicar and his wife are at breakfast the doorbell rings violently and long—a bishop at the very least. "But the Bishop of Benares generally comes very quietly," says Manson, serving the toast.

"We shall have *two* bishops to lunch," states the vicar's wife, with apparent calm. "Quick Manson, the door—that must be my brother, the Bishop of Lancashire. With two bishops, we shall have quite a church congress."

There is a silence. Then the vicar speaks in a low, intense tone of bitter contempt. "Your brother James is coming here to-day? You have brought him here to help my brother Joshua! Him!"

"Why not? He is rich! He can do it!"

"So, he can recognize me at last now that I'm related to the great and wealthy Bishop of Benares."

"He's as much a bishop as your brother is!"

"Yes, he's a bishop! A bishop of stocks and shares. A bishop of Mam-

mon!" The vicar is tense with passion.

His wife rises. The vicar must not meet her brother in this spirit or her ambitious plans for yet wider fame for her husband will go awry. She smooths his arm, saying rapidly, "God knows I did it for the best. I love you, my dear, I love you. I wouldn't have vexed you for the world. I thought of all your hopes of rebuilding the church; and James was the only rich man I thought might be induced—under the circumstance . . . "

The vicar is irresolute. For fifteen years he has yielded to his wife's initiative. "I am in the darkness. I don't know what to do."

She grasps her advantage. "Try and treat him like——"

"How? Like a brother?"

She averts his irony with sweet dignity. "I was going to say, like a priest and a Christian, William."

"Like a Christian, then."

With a hurried reconciling kiss on the vicar's lips, she leaves to change her elaborate lace morning gown for one more seemly to welcome a church dignitary.

Manson opens the door and ushers in—not the Bishop of Lancashire but Bob, the vicar's scavenger brother.

At sight of his coarse and ragged workman's clothes and huge, unshaven head, the vicar backs weakly against the door. In outward appearance at least, Robert has not prospered during these years.

"Yus, it's me, my 'oly brother!"

"Didn't you—didn't you get my wire? Robert, what have you come here for?"

"*You* ask me that? Why to see my little gal, o' course—Gawd curse you! . . Now go and tell your ole woman. Did you 'ear me speak? Tell 'er! "

The vicar wavers a moment and then staggers out silently. Robert watches him with a look of iron. Then to Manson:

"See that blighter? That's the bloke as was born with no bowels! 'E might a-made a man o' me once, if e'd tried; but 'e didn't—'im and 'is like."

The savory odor of "sossingers" tempts Bob to breakfast. He calmly sits down, insisting that Manson, the butler, take the opposite place at table. Manson's silent sympathy stimulates his confidence.

"Wouldn't think as I was 'is brother —not to look at me," Robert says between onslaughts upon the sausages. "But there's a lot o' brothers knockin' abaht as people don't know on. See wot I mean?" His knife emphasizes the point. "I 'adn't a bad nature to begin with. But when *she* took an'— an' died, some 'ow I couldn't 'old up the same, I lost my 'eart and that's 'ow I come to lose my kid, my little kid——" He conquers his sobs savagely. "Mind you, that was fifteen years ago. Do you know what's come over me since then? I *work* and work well. And I don't get much money for it either. Fifteen years ago me an' my like 'adn't got a religion! By Gawd, we 'av' one now! Like to 'ear wot it is?"

"Yes "

"Socialism! Funny, ain't it?"

"I don't think so. It's mine, too."

The scavenger eyes him with quick friendliness. "I believe in fighting with my class."

"Oh, against whom?"

"Why agin all the other clarsses— curse 'em!" Robert's fist jars the heavy table.

"Isn't that a bit of the old Robert left, comrade?" Manson has risen, and his hands press gently Robert's shoulder.

The unwonted kindness of a human touch routs Robert's bitterness. "Oh, leave me alone. I cawn't be allus pickin' and choosin' my words."

"All the same I'm right, eh, comrade? comrade . . "

"Well, yus!" Robert admits grudgingly.

At this moment Rogers the page boy ushers in the Bishop of Lancashire. The bishop is extremely near sighted and almost deaf. He mistakes Robert for the vicar and Manson for the Bishop of Benares and joins them at breakfast to the utter horror of Rogers who then and there resolves to give notice in a house where "middle-class people don't know 'ow to be'ave before their betters."

The English bishop, who is the epitome of hypocrisy and avariciousness, plunges at once into the details of repairing the church. He tells Manson, thinking he is addressing the Bishop of Benares, that he desires to couple a money-making scheme of his own with the restoration of the church, and frankly admits that it is his intention to "give as little and grab as much as he can." He asks Manson to describe the church he has built in India, reports of whose wonder and costliness have awed all England.

"I'm afraid you may not consider it an altogether substantial concern," Manson says simply. "It has to be seen in a certain way, under certain conditions. Some people never *see* it at all. You must understand that this is no dead pile of stones and unmeaning timber. *It is a living thing.* When you enter it you hear a sound—a sound as of some mighty poem chanted. Listen long enough, and you will learn that it is made up of the beating of human hearts, of the nameless music of men's souls—that is, if you have ears. If you have eyes, you will presently see the church itself—a looming mystery of many shapes and shadows, leaping sheer from floor to dome. The work of no ordinary builder."

The deaf old bishop does not grasp the revelation of his words. Indeed he turns down his ear trumpet and makes no further attempt to listen. On the other hand Robert, at first apathetic, gradually awakens to the keenest interest in what Manson says.

As Manson continues, his simple dignity becomes majestic. "The pillars of it go up like the brawny trunks of heroes; the sweet human flesh of men and women is moulded about its bulwarks, strong, impregnable; the faces of little children laugh out from every corner-stone; the terrible spans and arches of it are the joined hands of comrades; and up in the heights and spaces there are inscribed the numberless musings of all the dreamers of the world. It is yet building—building and built upon. Sometimes the work goes forward in deep darkness; sometimes in blinding light; now beneath the burden of unutterable anguish; now to the tune of a great laughter and heroic shoutings like the cry of thunder. Sometimes, in the silence of the nighttime, one may hear the tiny hammerings of the comrades at work up in the dome—the comrades that have climbed ahead."

There is a short silence, broken only by the champing jaws of the bishop who has resumed his sausages.

Robert speaks first. "I think I begin to understand you, comride; especially that bit abaht," his eyes stray upward, "the 'ammerins' an' the —the harches—an' . . . Humph! I'm only an 'og!" His shaggy head goes down upon his hands and he quivers with great sobs. Suddenly he raises his face wistfully. "S'pose there's no drain'ands wanted in that there church o' yours?"

"Drains are a very important question there at present, comrade."

Robert rises with quick inspiration. No more will he have to be corrected on the right turn to the definition of socialism and brotherhood. *Some one* has to see to the drains, *some one* has to clear up the muck of the world. He's the one. He had come to the house to claim his daughter—"a job a bit above his head." Manson's words have brought him back to his own job. He tightens the string about his knees. "I'll go and have a look at our Bill's drains."

As he leaves by one door, the vicar and his wife enter by another. When the Bishop of Lanchashire learns to his horror that he has breakfasted with workingmen—a butler and a scavenger —his self-respect is so shaken that he can scarcely repeat his plans to the vicar for restoring the church.

The vicar listens to his discussion of the financial possibilities of the scheme with gathering aversion and despair. The vicar is to contribute his eloquence, his gift of words; the Bishop of Benares, his name and reputation; the Bishop of Lanchashire his patronage, influence and time. The *profits* should be enormous

The vicar's wife does not care to probe the significance of her brother's proposition. She thinks only that at

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

EDITH WYNNE MATHISON

Who created the role of the Vicar's Wife in "The Servant in the House"

last her husband will have the beautiful church of his dreams, because *she* has willed it.

Yet Manson's silent influence and his words of the morning have been working in the vicar's heart. When the bishop, with this scheme explained, retires to put it in writing, the vicar resolves that for once there shall be plain speaking between himself and his wife.

She is elated. "Look at the opportunities James' plan creates for you. No more worry, none of the wretched frets and fancies that have troubled you this morning. My beloved will be happy again."

Happy? Not with Robert's face burned into his soul; Robert's face seamed with drink, starvation, and hard work and a bitter, lonely life.

"Suppose you try and forget me for a moment. Do you think you can?"

"William, that's unkind! Of course I can't."

"It might mean the salvation of my soul. What is the building of this church to you? Are you so mightily interested in clerical usefullness, in the furtherance of God's work?"

"I am interested in your work, William. Do you take me for an atheist?"

"No; far worse—for an idolater. What else but idolatry is this precious husband-worship you have set up in your heart—you and all the women of your kind? You barter away your own souls in the service of it; you build up your idols in the fashion of your own respectable desires. You struggle silently amongst yourselves, one against another, to push your own god foremost....And what have you made of me? You have plucked me down from whatever native godhead I had by gift of heaven. By God, it shall go on no longer! I am resolved to be a free man from this hour—free of lies, free of love if needs be, free even of you, free of everything that clogs and hinders me in the work I have to do!....Haven't I babbled in the pulpit long enough about fatherhood and brotherhood? So now for my work."

"What are you going to do?"

"Tell Mary everything; send for my brother Robert; and then—answer that monster in there."

"William this is some madness of sin that has seized you. But I will save you—yes, I will—in spite of yourself. I am stronger than you." She moves swiftly to the bell. "Do you think I am going to stand by and see your life wrecked—your's and the child's?"

When Manson enters, there is a subtle change in his manner, a look in his eye, as of the servant merging in the master. "You rang."

"Yes, Manson. I want to have a little confidential talk with you."

"There is no need. I know everything already." He has the air of a judge. "Now let me tell you exactly why you have sent for me here. There is a strange and wretched turmoil in your soul. You have done wrong and you know it. You would keep what miserable little right you have by bolstering it up with further wrong. And you have sent for me to help you in that wrong!"

Her usual control deserts her in the face of this insolence from a servant. "How dare you say that?"

"Haven't you sent for me to help in your plans about his brother Robert—the plan of banishing him further from your lives than ever? . . . I know *you* . . . What, do you think that these things can be done in darkness without crying aloud to Heaven for light?"

"I am thinking only of my husband's happiness."

Manson turns ironically to the bowed vicar. "Behold the happiness you have already brought him."

"But Robert must see the impossibility of letting him see the child; the impossibility of him and his brother ever meeting again . . . . Would you have me welcome him with open arms?"

"Yes, and heart, too! Have him here, entertain him, treat him as an honored guest. Seek out and cleanse the hidden corners of the house, make it fair and ready to lodge him royally as a brother!"

The vicar's wife replies desperately: "I won't do it. I can't! I can't!"

The vicar rises to the need of decision. For the first time he is stronger than his wife. "By heaven, yes!"

The vicar's wife falters a few moments. Then, utterly broken down, she whispers feebly, "Yes."

* * * *

The first thing to do is to cleanse the place of its abominations, and Manson orders the Bishop of Lancashire from the house. The outer door has barely slammed upon his outraged person, when Robert returns from the church, covered with mud and filth. He announces that he has discovered the trouble with the plumbing. It is not the drains; it is worse than that. He has found a cess-pool under the church itself, in which mouldering coffins and decayed bones are floating about in a sea of muck. He vividly describes his explorations of the drain that led to the cess pool; how he had fought his way through the stifling gases and an army of rats that had bitten him almost to the bone. He says that the man who cleans out that drain will have to face typhoid, and possibly death, but it's a pretty little job and he intends to tackle it. "I've found *my place* or I don't know a good thing when I see it!"

The vicar forbids him to go; reminds him what it will mean to work down there in the stench, the horror and the darkness.

"What's it matter, if the comrades up above 'av' light an' joy an' a breath of 'olesome air to sing by——?"

"No, ten thousand times, no! The sacrifice is too much. I had rather see the church itself——."

"What," says the scavenger in astonishment, "you call yourself a clergyman!"

"I call myself nothing," the vicar replies. "I am nothing—less than nothing in all this living world."

"By God, but I call myself summat," Bob replies. "I'm the DRAIN MAN, that's wot I am."

The vicar makes a last attempt to stop him, but seeing that he is determined to go and fired by the scavenger's splendid enthusiasm, he forms a swift decision. Throwing off his clerical costume and tearing the parson's collar from his throat he steps forward announcing in ringing tones that the drainman shall not go alone. The brothers clasp hands, and as they do so, Mary cries out that now she knows Bob is her father, because "he is brave, he is beautiful and he is very good." At the climax of this tableau Manson enters and lays the table for lunch. When he has finished he turns to the vicar and tells him that the Bishop of Benares has arrived.

"What, already!" says the vicar. "Let's have him in at once!"

"He is here," Manson quietly replies.

"What do you mean? Where is he?" asks the vicar.

Manson looks at him across the table. "Here," he repeats.

The vicar steps back, gazing at him in astonishment. "In God's name, who are you?" he gasps.

"In God's name," Manson answers, stretching forth his hand "your brother."

* * * *

So much for the surface story. Followed closely, the lines of the play and the interpretation of the players reveal an internal story through which may be traced constantly recurring symbols that give Charles Rann Kennedy's drama a two-fold charm. It is not an allegory in the full sense of the word, nor is it constructed like a morality play, which it is sometimes erroneously called by critics. In an allegory, lay figures pose as persons. Symbolism is much more subtle. The characters are accurately drawn and unconsciously, as it were, convey the ideas, in a Platonic sense, for which the author stands Symbolism suggests; allegory definitely states.

The so-called allegory of the play has been defined by the author as "Christ as the touchstone of life and the solution of all human difficulties, religious, social and personal; not merely by the inspiration of sentimental fancies about Him but by the impelling to deeds that carry out His will." The most important symbols of the play are to be found in the personality of Manson and the Bishop of Lancshaire, and the story of the drain. The great cosmic symbol is the

spirit of unrest which is evidenced in the growth of class distinction, and "man's inhumanity to man." Manson is, of course, a reincarnation of Christ. The name, itself, is an inversion, and sufficient proof of the author's meaning. The Bishop of Lancashire represents Mammon. The symbolism of the drain, according to Mr. Kennedy, is not an attack upon the foundations of religion or established churches, but means that religion is fettered by the moldering coffins and decayed bones ofthe past; that we are not worshipping a dead Christ that once was, but a living Christ, eternally present.

In this, his first serious play, Mr. Kennedy has shown himself a master of stage craft and construction. He has followed the form of the old Greek dramatists in preserving the unities of time, place and action. But he does not scorn the mechanical devices of his profession. For example, at the very beginning of the play, he utilizes a clever trick to convey a psychological subtlety. Rogers, the "buttons", surreptitiously appropriates some jam while Manson has his back to him. The butler, without turning his head, gently reproves him, thereby startling the youngster who cannot understand how the petty theft was detected. This catches the attention of the audience and creates the atmosphere of mysticism for which the author is striving.

It is interesting to notice how the author avoids the pitfalls that yawn before the dramatist who is developing a big theme. As an instance, it may be well to consider his central character, Manson. The Man of Mystery is the only person in the play who does not change. All the others develop in one direction or another. The vicar shakes off his false and narrow ecclesiasticism; Bob becomes bigger, in the spiritual sense, and learns the meaning of true socialism; the vicar's wife, who has loved her husband in a worldly way, ultimately gives him up to God, influenced to the sacrifice by the highest and purest form of love; the Bishop of Lancashire gets harder and harder and shows deeper cynicism until he is ultimately thrown out; Mary grows, and even Rogers shows development. Only Manson remains static. Here, then, is danger of monotony. But Mr. Kennedy maintains interest by varying Manson's moods. At first he surrounds him with mystery; then comes his gradual revelation of himself; later, the Servant becomes Master; in the end the Master reveals Himself perfectly as the brother of us all—"In God's Name, your brother."

TO G. M. B.

BY AUSTIN ADDISON BRIGGS

AT MORN the tide rushed out to sea,
At eve, by ebb, swept back to me:—
The sun by night had ceased to shine,
His lustrous rays, at morn, were mine.
By day a star did not appear,
By dark a host were there to cheer;
Dame Bird flew out from nest and care,
And Duty grim found her back there,
A seed was blown from mother pod,
Returned a flower fresh from the sod;
Mute beast forsook its master's door,
Limped home by faith with love the more –
But Oh! the grief that saps my heart,
Where shall I find thy counterpart?

THE NEW UNION STATION OF THE CANADIAN NORTHERN AND THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAYS

THE OLD FORT GARRY AND THE NEW

BY W. D. EATON

Author of "A Soldier of Navarre", Etc.

ILLUSTRATED WITH A PHOTOGRAPH

CLOSE to the centre of the city of Winnipeg, on a block of some seventy acres, with Water street on the north, Main street on the west, the Assiniboin river on the south, and the Red river on the east, the Canadian Northern and the Grand Trunk Pacific Railways are about to place a titanic union station and system of terminal yards. On this identical ground, within the memory of people yet alive, stood old Fort Garry.

"Old" Fort Garry! Alms for oblivion! The shock of some such announcement is required to bring a realization that it is not so very long since Old Fort Garry was new. In the rush and whirl of these giddy-paced times, with the resistless push of a great new country at its back, here has grown up a city so big that the seventy acres of the old fort are only a spot in the middle of it—growing so fast even now that a warning sense of what is to come will make this new station large enough to take care of at least a part of the future, having regard to the other new station built only three years ago by the Canadian Pacific Railway, and already overtaxed by an increase of traffic brought about through the tremendous development of the prairie provinces. It is a country that waxes populous overnight, and forces an intensified growth on the town.

Fort Garry was founded in 1812 and had about forty years of lone guardianship over the Hudson's Bay Company stations scattered at wide intervals for hundreds of miles all around. Lord Selkirk's little colony of Scotch farmers came and dozed in the shelter of its stockade. It dominated a long and lazy day, punctuated only now and then by trouble of any kind.

That old life died gently. The change at first was slow, and when acceleration came, it was not with clamor, but earnestly, with honest work. Greatness was potential here ages before it began to blossom forth. Its burgeoning was by insensible even though swift degrees. The stream of life is running full and strong enough to-day where the old fort stood and the city stands. Of all that used to be, nothing remains as it was save St. Boniface, across the river,—the old mission, quiet now, as it was before the fort was built and the soldiers came The spirit of the open plain broods there still, as it did when all these people, with their tumult and strivings, were less than phantoms, poltergeists so deep below the horizon that no first note of their far approach disturbed the idle air. You may go over there

whenever you like, and let them all fade again to nothingness, for you will find it as Whittier sang of it—in

"—the time when the smoke-wreath
With the drifting cloud-wrack joins—
The smoke of the hunting lodges
Of the wild Assiniboins."

The wild Assiniboins! They too were of no more than yesterday. Their lodges might be standing beside the mission, congruously enough, at this hour. But over here are the cars and the automobiles, and the warehouses, and one of the greatest railway stations on the globe is going to rear its dome at the place where the two rivers join—where the loamy banks and the brown grass and the wonderful sky were all that showed to the *voyageur* as his boat drew home, and he heard "the vesper ringing" of the St. Boniface bells. As the *voyageur* heard them, so may we, in faint, sweet tones, through the cacophony of many new church bells. So the British soldiers heard them, exiled in the wilderness. They look a long way off to us, those red-coated men, a splotch of civilization and the might of nascent empire, set where empire had not yet been dreamed of—a long way off, yet our fathers saw them. Anywhere else, such a change would have taken centuries. It has been a change from emptiness to permanence; for this is no city of fairy gold, but all is set in firm foundations. We wonder at it, but it is only a beginning. Our children may very likely look back to us as we look back to Old Fort Garry and the wild Assiniboins—ancients, ancients! Remote, and hoary with the eld of concentrated time, when years are cycles and centuries aeons, and future flashes into past ere one can say, "it lightens."

* * * *

The new station will be the latest word in its kind. Messrs. Warren and Wetmore, who designed and planned it, are the architects who did similar service to the New York Central and Hudson River railway in creating the splendid Union station on 42d street, New York. It will be of native Tyndall Manitoba stone, and will have a length of 350 feet along Main street, and a depth of 140 feet from Main street to the tracks. It will be three stories high, with a monumental central portion and a dome one hundred feet above the street level. The main entrance will be in Main street, directly opposite Broadway. The main floor at this level, having an area of 36,000 square feet, will be devoted wholly to station purposes.

The main floor plan represents the highest type of modern passenger station. The passenger arrives at the main entrance through a marble vestibule into the ticket lobby or rotunda. Here tickets are sold, and baggage checked. Here also are the telephone and telegraph booths, the newspaper, books and cigar booths, and all the public activities of the station. The circular floor of mosaic, ninety feet in diameter, is free of seats or other furniture, and forms the main access and exit to and from the trains. The height is equal to the diameter. All the walls are of stone and marble, capped by a stone vault beneath the dome. It is all exceptionally well lighted, the supporting arches of the vaulted ceiling being filled on all sides with glass in ornamental iron frames This will undoubtedly be one of the most impressive interiors in Canada

The waiting room is so located that passengers going to and from trains will not be obliged to pass through it so that the confusion incident to having both moving and waiting passengers in the same room is avoided. The area of the waiting room will be about 10,000 square feet.

The walls of this room will be embellished with the arms of each of the various Provinces of the Dominion, executed in gold leaf and colors. The seats will be movable benches of heavy oak. The interior of the waiting room, like the main rotunda, will have the effect of stone construction throughout, the bases and wainscoting being of marble.

Adjoining the waiting room on the west side, and facing on Main street, will be the restaurant and lunch rooms.

On the opposite side of the waiting room will be the men's smoking room and the women's waiting room. At

the north end of the building there is to be provided a fifty foot street on private property, which will be used exclusively for carriages. This entrance leads directly to the waiting room. Passengers going to trains will pass through the ticket lobby into a subway fifty feet wide, with staircases on either side leading up to the different platforms. This subway will be so arranged, by means of railings and gates, that there will be no interference between arriving and departing passengers. The elevation of tracks over the subway will be ten feet above the main floor of the station.

The entire south wing of the basement will be devoted to immigrants. Here will be a waiting room, having a lunch counter, laundry, and bath room. Immigrants will be conducted to and from the waiting room and trains by means of a stairway at the rear of the building leading directly from the basement to the passenger subway. A separate entrance from Main street will be provided, leading from the street to the basement. Immigrants will thus be well provided for and brought to and from both trains and the street without coming into contact with other passengers.

In the south wing of the basement there will be a barber-shop, which will be reached by stairways from Main street, and from the main vestibule of building. The remainder of this wing will be occupied by the kitchens in connection with the restaurants above, and the boiler and engine rooms.

The second and third floors will be occupied entirely by the local and general Western offices of the two roads—the Canadian Northern and the Grand Trunk Pacific. These offices will be on either side of a corridor, the interior row of offices in each wing facing on the open court. There will be an available office space of 25,000 square feet on each floor. Provision has been made in the design of the foundations and steel structures for the future addition of six office floors.

* * * *

The track layout for both passenger and freight yards was developed after much study by the engineers and officials of the railway companies, in co-operation with the architects. It was finally decided that a layout of the through station type, with approaching tracks elevated over the intersecting streets, and with tracks raised sufficiently above the main floor of the station to allow a passenger entrance subway beneath, was the most desirable, giving the greatest efficiency for the present and prospective traffic to be handled at Winnipeg.

It is intended to have eight through passenger tracks, with an adjacent platform, and two separate open running tracks at the rear, for through freight trains. The platforms will be twenty feet wide, and 1,650 feet long. By means of this great length each track will be capable of handling two trains of eleven cars each during periods of heavy traffic. The total capacity of the platforms will be 200 seventy-foot cars. The platforms are to be of re enforced concrete construction.

In carrying the baggage to and from the trains, a fifteen-foot trucking subway will be used, from which the platforms will be reached by a row of elevators. This arrangement avoids trucking of any kind on the train platform. This system of handling baggage, express and mail is in successful operation in some of the largest and most modern passenger terminals in the United States, notably the Union Station at St. Louis, the Rock Island Station at Chicago, the Union Station at Washington, D. C., and the Pennsylvania Railway Station at Pittsburg. Similar systems of baggage and express handling are also successfully used in many of the large railway terminals in Europe.

* * * *

The team yard will contain forty-two tracks, with a total capacity of 830 freight cars.

As each railway company will have its own cartage company to handle trucking from the freight sheds and team yard, there will be provided two stable buildings, each to accommodate two hundred horses

Each of the railways will use its own passenger coach yards, locomotive houses and shops, in conjunction with

these terminals. Those for the Canadian Northern have been recently constructed about a mile west of the new station, and those for the Grand Trunk Pacific are now being constructed about three miles east of it. The general receiving, distribution and forwarding freight yards of each road will also be located at these points. The layout of team and supporting tracks and freight houses comprises one of the largest local freight delivery yards in the world. A connection under the east approach of the tracks under Lombard Avenue will be maintained with the present Winnipeg transfer railway track, along which are located many industrial sidings, and over which cars for transfer with the Canadian Pacific are handled.

* * * *

The present main track crosses the Assiniboin river on a wooden drawbridge. This will be replaced in the new scheme by a steel four-track rolling lift bridge, having two separately operated leaves. The Red river is crossed by the present main track on a comparatively new steel truss bridge, which will be retained. At the north end of the Assiniboin river bridge, and at each end of the passenger tracks will be a signal tower, from which all signals and switches will be controlled. The electro-pneumatic system of interlocking will be used.

* * * *

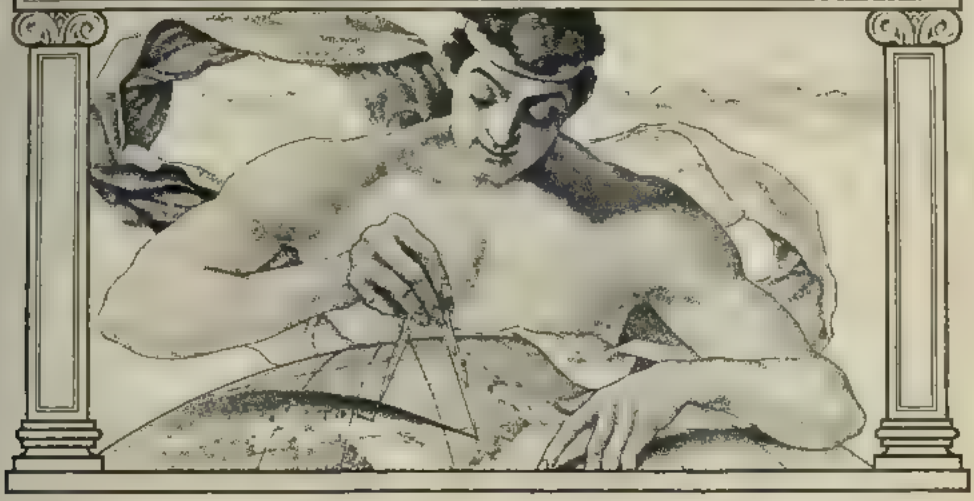
The full meaning of this superb improvement does not present itself until it is remembered that the real rise of Winnipeg to towering importance is a matter covering only some fifteen years. It followed upon the discovery of the wheat-producing power of the farther western prairies, and the consequent influx of farmers from the British Islands and the United States. Concurrently and as a matter of course came the birth of innumerable towns, the establishment of industries, and a commercial system equal in its working order with any in America. For the awakening of Canada was accomplished by a kind of people such as never before opened a new country. They had all the experience of the past to draw upon. Generally speaking, the railway was there first, so that all was done and is being done without the hardships usually associated with settlement and early growth. Money followed the farmer, who very soon became himself a producer of money. Canadian railway construction and extension presents some new and marvellous phases. It has been and is rapid, energetic, economical, efficient, and free from the "watery" element that swamped and embogged the earlier railway history south of the International boundary, and it has conferred as well as earned prosperity. The site of Old Fort Garry is to be crowned by a monument to the genius that has produced and guides the Canada of to-day.

TEARS

BY PRESTON M. WILLIS

AH, what are tears?
Penance for harsh words spoken,
Solace for sad hearts broken,
Emblems of bitter sorrow,
Balm of the coming morrow
And future years.

THE RIGHT ANGLE



THE REMITTANCE MAN

IT is by special advance arrangement with Murrays of London, Musson of Toronto, and W. H. P. Jarvis, the author, that CANADA-WEST is enabled this month to introduce Mr. Reginald Brown to the Canadian public.

Mr. Reginald Brown, or more properly Reginald Brown, Esquire, is the designation given the Man by Mr. Jarvis in the "Letters of a Remittance Man to his Mother," which begins as a serial in this present number. Mr. Jarvis is one of the best known, most keenly observant, and deftly felicitous character-writers in the creditable and growing list of Canadian authors. His book will be published early this season by the Murrays in London. The Messrs. Musson will at the same time issue the Canadian edition. But the parts that appear in CANADA-WEST are the first to be printed.

The house of Murrays has a foremost place among the old and famous English firms of publishers. Everyone knows the high standing of the Mussons of Toronto. CANADA-WEST modestly admits a deserved credit with the people of Canada. Mr. Jarvis' name carries its own force. Thus, with these four names, Reginald Brown, Esquire, comes forward remarkably well commended to general attention.

He is an exile from "home", but he will make his own way good by sheer unconscious candor concerning himself and the strangers among whom he is thrown, here in our newer England. Bred in the traditions and the ripened beauty of life in the old country, incapable of measuring anything by other than old country standards, he shows us what all of us have seen before, but something that few of us have really understood—the mental workings and the distresses of a gentleman involuntarily resident in wide places, where the things that made his former world are either held of little account, or else not known at all. The revelation has the intimacy of private correspondence, and is not without its element of pathos.

It is time the remittance man had his turn. He is all too commonly taken for what he seems to be rather than for what he is. With the brief affluence that recurs to him at stated intervals, he enjoys a certain deference, because people respect and desire his money. Between whiles, he enjoys nothing of the sort. His efforts to adjust himself to the new environment are not always received in the spirit of sincerity that prompts them. Jettisoned from a social order in which a leisure class is a fixed constituent, he strikes a jarring note in the system of work that governs all around him. His habits are rooted To change them involves their being

torn up by the roots, and the process is almost like a change of nature itself, and it is not always helped by his new neighbors. Where he succeeds, his pluck is to be thanked, and his success is thorough. Where he fails, the result is sad. Yet in either event, he

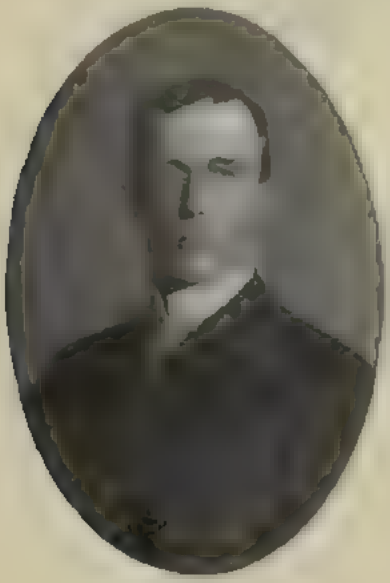


Photo by Fraser Bryce, Toronto
W. H. P. JARVIS
Author of "Letters of a Remittance Man to his Mother"

holds always to the things of himself. It is not that he takes fortune's buffets and rewards with equal thanks, but that he is of those spirits who, "as they support the most contrary destinies with equal ease, are always, without taking thought, on the same high level of prosperity." At heart he is neither a wastrel nor a fool, save as antecedents may have made him so; and in the operation of that exception, why, he is God's fool, and therefore ought to be immune, though that immunity is not always conceded.

Mr. Jarvis has neither extenuated nor maligned this character in the "Letters." He has made a composite film, and lets it show for itself, with its anachronisms, its absurdities, its faith, its sense of self, its honor, and its weaknesses. More than that, he shows us our own faults in dealing with this type, and the lesson ought to sink deep. The picture is often funny, though the laugh it draws may be touched with sympathy—or impatience. Sometimes, unaware, it is deeply serious. Always it is very human, and once familiarly seen, it is not like to be forgotten. It is as world-wide as the language, but until Mr. Jarvis took it in hand, it had never been made concrete, a type, and shown in its real relation to the life of which it is a part.

AN APPRECIATION OF MR. WHYTE.

THROUGHOUT Canada and the United States very wide attention has been given Mr. William Whyte's able paper on "Regulating the Common Carrier" in the August number of CANADA-WEST. It has been editorially discussed at length by such papers as the Toronto Globe and the Chicago Inter-Ocean, and reprinted wholly or in part by the London Advertiser, the News, of Nelson, B. C.; The Tara Leader; the Echo, of London, Ontario, and many other newspapers.

The importance of Canadian Railway interests and all that relates to them can scarce be overstated, since with them is bound up the prosperity of our country and every unit of the population. More than any other, they affect the commercial and industrial relations between Canada, the States, and the rest of the world. Their history is anomalous in that it has been clean from the very beginning. The soundest judgment and the most far-seeing policies have directed their growth and management. Government itself has been at one with their essential plans and purposes, and the laws under which they operate and by which they are at once assisted and restrained were either originated or approved by the interests themselves. Few men have been or are more closely familiar with these subjects than Mr. Whyte. Concerning the story of Canadian railways it may be said with truth that "all of it he saw, and much of it he was." His present position as a vice-president of one of the great rail-systems implies that fullness of knowledge which confers authority. The prompt interest awakened by his article in the August

CANADA-WEST was as much a recognition of this authority as its freedom from a controversial spirit was a compliment to his clarity and fairness

A sense of this is well expressed by the Toronto Globe, which, in concluding its comprehensive editorial, says: "Although quite naturally regarding the Commission from the railway standpoint, Mr. Whyte is of those railway men who can take a broader view and really appreciate the dependence of railways for success on the continuous success of the territory they serve. It seems unusual to anyone familiar with the attitude of the American railways and railway journals to find the vice-president of a great railway corporation favoring legislation giving to a Board of Commissioners absolute control over all matters pertaining to construction, operation, and maintenance of railways. Like every creation of despotic authority, success or failure depends on the choice of despots, and this attitude shows that the extraordinary powers necessarily entrusted to the Commission have been used with wisdom and discretion. The tribute to the Commission shows also that Mr. Whyte appreciates the duties and responsibilities as well as the authority of his office, and possesses qualities that are not invariably found with the men in control of great transportation systems."

MR. WILLIAM WHYTE

Whose article in the August CANADA-WEST on Regulating the Common Carrier' has attracted wide attention.

BRITISH COLUMBIA IRRIGATION

THE irrigation convention held in August at Vernon, B. C., passed resolutions addressed to the provincial parliament which will undoubtedly engage the attention of that body early in the session. The water-question has large and always growing importance all over Western Canada, but in the British Columbia fruit country it has become pressing, because of the increase in fruit-tree culture, and the light and undependable rainfall. The present water law in British Columbia leaves much to be desired. The resolutions were explicit enough, but the discussion at the convention brought out more than they were made to include.

Among other things, a correction of the unused records is a primary necessity. Many of the streams are over-recorded, some of them extravagantly A general house cleaning of the whole system seems to be called for, beginning with this feature. There are questions of the right to store water for later use, and of how much the government should or can do in extending irrigation works The discontinuance of the "miner's inch" measurement is favored, as well as the specific declaration of the duty water shall perform. Title to the water itself being vested in the crown, the extent to which private enterprise may go appears to need clearing up.'

The soil and the heats are ideal for fruit-growing. A sound plan of irrigation that would put the fruit-growers beyond the caprices of rainfall would insure heavy and unfailing yields. The Northwest market being strong enough to take all the fruit that can be grown, the question is only one of bringing water to the orchard lands.

During the proceedings a comparison

of the British Columbia Water Clauses Consolidation Act with the Northwest Irrigation Act, pointed clearly to the manner in which the first named required amendment. The Northwest Irrigation Act is simple and perfectly clear. It has been in force about fifteen years, without so much as a single dispute over water rights—a striking contrast with irrigation acts in the States, where there has in some cases been more litigation than irrigation. Its practical value as a working power is being very well shown in the great irrigated block of 3,000,000 acres near Calgary. This enterprise, one of the largest in the world, and based wholly upon the use of water, has moved thus far without a single hitch; and is in every way a complete and easy success

One thing to which attention was called is the extreme importance of preserving the timber along the water sheds. The time is sharply here for adequate protection to the timber growths at the headwaters and along the course of streams. Irrigation has entered vitally into the affairs of the province, and without this protection any irrigation system may find itself inoperative through failure of the water supply. The history of water courses in the States reads that lesson plainly enough to any country now about to make active use of this most important of all natural resources.

MISS AGNES DEANS CAMERON

SINCE Mrs. French-Sheldon penetrated Africa as far as the then strange country surrounding Killimanjaro, no woman has undertaken a journey like that upon which Miss Agnes Deans Cameron set out last spring. Miss Cameron, whose account of placer mining on the rivers of the north appears in this issue of CANADA-WEST, left Chicago last May for the mouth of the Mackenzie, with a woman companion, and has had no other company save the guides necessary to so hazardous an adventure. In September Father Giroux met her at Fort Providence on the Great Slave Lake, and found her in good health and spirits. The good

MISS AGNES DEANS CAMERON

Who contributes "Placer Mining on Northern Rivers" to this issue of CANADA WEST

father was then on his way to Rome after a stay in the Arctic circle so prolonged that he found a city at Edmonton, where he had left only a fur-trading post.

The region about the mouth of the Mackenzie is not wholly unknown. Tyrrell and other scientific explorers have been there, and have given to the world the results of their observations. But from Miss Cameron we shall have reports of a less scientific nature, maybe, but of more general interest; and the story of such an enterprise, undertaken by two maiden women, will have a quality of novelty that cannot fail to give them a value all their own.

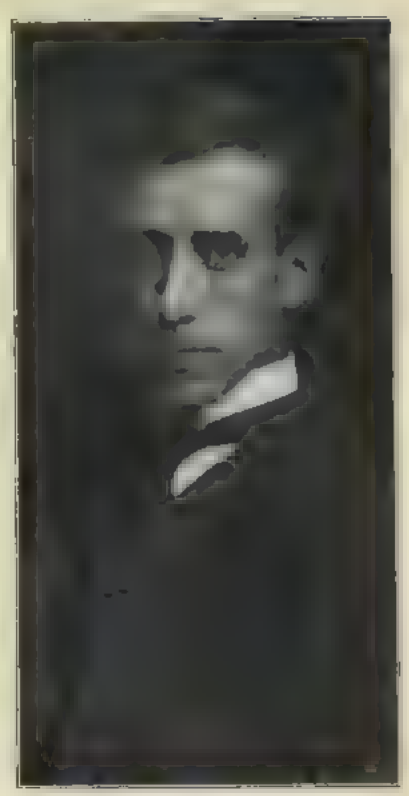
EDMONTON'S NEW DOORYARD

IT is not very long since "Rails to the Peace" had a sound of something possible but remote. Now comes a report of a committee of the Edmonton Board of Trade giving transportation routes and facilities through the country stretching north of Edmonton for two thousand miles, and from Hudson Bay and the Arctic ocean to the Pacific. The report is published with maps, distance in miles, passenger tariffs, freight rates, and timetables from Edmonton to no less than twenty other points, with something about the great forests, the coal measures, tar-beds, salt-beds, immense rivers, big lakes, and other potential riches of the country. The Edmonton Board of Trade is sending the book to anyone who asks or writes for it

MR. HARD AND HIS IMPRESSIONS

WILLIAM HARD, who has the leading article in CANADA-WEST this month, has enjoyed a peculiarly wide experience of life. As grandson of a surgeon-general in the British army in India, he passed his boyhood among the scenes with which Kipling first fascinated the world. His schooling began in India, was continued in England, and completed in the United States, where he was Fellow in History at the Northwestern University. Mr. Hard has made sociology his special study. His first practical experience came while he was head resident at the University Settlement in Chicago. These experiences led to Mr. Hard's appearance as a writer for the public prints, and by these means his metier became fixed. His powers of keen and accurate observation very soon attracted the attention of the great magazines of England and the United States, with the result that he became a regular contributor to several of the largest of them. His name has of late grown familiar to the reading public through the frequency of its appearance in their pages, more especially perhaps in the pages of "Everybody's" and "Collier's".

Mr. Hard's recent trip through Canada as a member of a party of journalists from the States, guests of CANADA-WEST, furnished the material for the excellent article he contributes to the present number



WILLIAM HARD

Sociologist and contributor to *Everybody's*, *Collier's*, etc., recently made a trip through western Canada. He gives his "impressions" to readers of CANADA-WEST in this issue

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

THROUGH THE MACKENZIE BASIN

"THROUGH the Mackenzie Basin", published by William Briggs of Toronto, suggests, rather than expounds, the romance of the north country that is yet to be the home of millions of flourishing people. It is two books in one—the first, by Charles Mair, is a narrative of the Athabasca and Peace River Treaty Expedition of 1899, and the second describes the mammals and birds of the Northern Mackenzie District, as observed and collected by Roderick MacFarlane, now of Winnipeg, who was in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company for about half a century and whose own explorations in the Far North began in 1857. The Treaty Expedition was in charge of the Hon. David Laird, who was the first Lieut.-Governor of the North West Territories and who secured from the Indians the final cession of the Mackenzie Basin from the Athabasca River to Great Slave Lake. The treaty was the direct result of the overland rush to the Yukon, which put the Indians, not, in law, protected by the Dominion Government, at the mercy of lawless bands of whites. Mr. Mair was secretary of the commission and his

record of its travels and negotiations with the Indians gives just enough glimpses of the elemental splendour of an imperfectly known region to stir the latent impulse of the pioneer that is in the depths of all of us. The range of photographs is good. The display of them would have been improved if two, instead of three, had been put on some pages.

There is much more than a "natural history" interest in Mr. MacFarlane's end of the book; for it has the rare quality of making the reader wish for more knowledge of Mr. MacFarlane's experiences. He tells something of his contact with the fascinating toils of the explorer; and in statistics about the harvests of fur gathered by "The Company" provokes the reader to constant wonderment as to the wealth of adventure that belongs to the woods and waters of the Real Northwest. To the scientific, methodical student of Canada's North Land, the Mair-MacFarlane book is extremely valuable. For the multitude the information of the government or commercial officer may be beneficently grouped and revivified by the skilled journalist, who knows how to plant things in the public memory, that will have their fruition in public support of the plans that are made from time to time to open up vast territories whose resources are only beginning to be understood.

SOUR SONNETS OF A SORE-HEAD

WITH the triple imprimatur of McLeod & Allen, the Hunter-Rose Company of Toronto, and H. M. Caldwell and Company of Boston, a little volume of verse by James P. Haverson comes grouchily forward and asks for notice. It is called "Sour Sonnets of a Sorehead, and Other Songs of the Street," and suggests two things: a memory of the "Tough" rhymes of a New York newspaper man not many years ago; and a wonder how a Toronto newspaper man (for such indeed is Mr. Haverson), came by the vernacular of Manhattan borough, East. The title is well borne out in sixty-odd handsomely printed pages of protests and pessimisms that are not half so hopeless as they say they are. All of us grumble once in a while, some of us all the time, but few of us with the quaint reasons why and the lurking grin of the "Sorehead" in this case. The pictures by Fergus Kyle remind one of those in the original edition of "The Bab Ballads", which is saying more than a little by way of praise.

MR. TYRRELL'S NEW BOOK

WILLIAM BRIGGS has in the press a new and enlarged edition of Mr. J. W. Tyrrell's book "In the Sub-Arctics of Canada," which is mainly a record of the first of the two expeditions conducted by his brother Mr. J. B. Tyrrell, in 1893 and 1894, via Chesterfield Inlet and the Ferguson River, and the coast of Hudson Bay, to Fort Churchill and Winnipeg. Mr. J. B. Tyrrell has recently been in northwestern Manitoba for the first time since he surveyed it for the Geological survey in 1887-8-9; and some of his interesting observations in the changes he has noticed, particularly in the Swan River Valley, will shortly be available for readers of CANADA-WEST

CHESTNUTS AND CHEESE

FOUND OUT

CUSTOMER (pointing to the hieroglyphics on his check) "Is that my name in Chinese?"

Go Long (Chinese laundryman)—"No; 'scliption. Means 'li'l' ole man, closs eyed; no teet'.'"

Customer—"Er—thank you."

GLIMPSES OF CURRENT AUTHORS

SOME writers are famous for the books they *have* written; others for the books they *ought not* to have written. These quotations are from the former.

"I don't know how men propose,' remarked the ever-delightful Dooley in his recently published Dissertations. "I niver thried it but wanst, an' th' hired girl said th' lady was not at home. No man will iver tell ye. Most married men give ye th' impression that their wives stole thim fr'm their agonized parents."

George Bernard Shaw says: "People are always blaming their circumstances for what they are. I don't believe in circumstances. The people who get on in this world are the people who get up and look for the circumstances they want, and if they can't find them, make them."

One of the characters created by Kate Douglas Wiggen complains: "I asked her if she wasn't ashamed to get up so late, and she said she was—but that she had rather be ashamed than get up."

SMILAGE

NERVOUS Traveler (to seat companion) How fast should you say you were traveling?

Companion (who has been flirting with the girl across the way) About a smile a minute.

LADIES MUST NOT READ

Now, I'll wager ten cents to a farthing,
This poem she has already read;
We knew she'd get at it somehow,
If she had to stand on her head.

But you bet she'll find it out somehow
If she gets the least kind of show.

IF there's anything worries a woman,
It's something she ought not to know.

CAUSTIC

WHEN a woman confides her private affairs to another woman, she gives her friend credit for having more discretion than she has

There is no excuse for a man's making the same mistake twice, when there are so many other mistakes to make.

Money talks—but all it ever said to a woman was "Good-bye."

She calls it pin-money because she sticks you for it

Only the wise man is uncertain; ignorance never doubts.

WISDOM FROM THE WISE

TEACHER—"Harry, a mother has five children and but four potatoes. How can she divide the potatoes so that each will receive an equal portion?"

Harry (quickly)—"Mash 'em."

Mrs Toronto has a pretty bronze inkstand which represents Cupid forging arrows. Leaving her house in the care of servants during the summer, she missed on her return, among other things, a tiny bronze arrow which had formed part of Cupid's paraphernalia, and which had been held in his left hand on the anvil as he knelt with the other arm uplifted to strike a blow. An unavailing search for the arrow ensued.

"I have an idea, mamma," said little Katy. "Until we find the arrow, I am going to put a match in its place. It fits right in, and it will do about as well, because, you know, Cupid is a great match-maker."

AT THE SAVINGS BANK

"Is that your brother?" asked Rudolph, seven years old, of Walter, whom we will surname Smith, as they entered Mrs. Smith's sitting room one morning, where young Mr. Brown, Walter's half brother, was reading.

"Yes, he's my brother," said Walter.

"No, he isn't," declared Rudolph; "he isn't your brother."

"I am his half-brother," said the young gentleman; "we had the same mother, but not the same father."

"There!" cried Rudolph, triumphantly. "I knew he wasn't your whole brother. You see, Walter," Rudolph went on to explain, "your mother's name was first Mrs. Brown, and then she got married, so her name was changed to Smith, but he didn't get married, so his name wasn't changed. He is really more your uncle than your brother."

SCIENTIFIC WILLIE

SISTER JANE sat with a caller
Who was trying to enthrall her.
Willy with the incandescent
(Willy's scientist incessant)
Turned the light on (on the quiet)
Said, "I only wish to try it,
And I think from that commotion,
I have proved that light is motion."

THE WANTS OF THE ARMY

THE Duke of Connaught is telling an amusing story of his recent tour of inspection to Egypt. While he was in Cairo he went for a stroll one morning and on his way back to his quarters he came face to face with an old Englishman wearing the ribbon of the Indian mutiny on his breast. The Duke stopped and spoke to the man about his military service for some little time.

Presently the man said, not knowing of course, to whom he was speaking: "Are you in the army yourself, then, sir?"

The Duke smiled and admitted that he was

"Getting on all right?" was the next question

The Duke smiled again and said that he had not very much to grumble at on the whole, though perhaps he was not doing quite so well as he could wish.

"No, and you never will, my boy," was the surprising retort of the veteran. "What you want in the army to-day is either brains or a tremendous amount of influence behind you. You take my tip, old chap, and chuck it!"

EMERSON HOUGH

HOUGH AND HIS JUDGES

AN OPEN FORUM

Since the first announcement of Mr. Hough's serial, "The Sowing," the mails have been bringing letters of remonstrance or approval, many of them showing fine thought and grasp of the subject. As a mass, they constitute a discussion too important to withhold. Since the magazine presents Mr. Hough's work without endorsement but as a stimulus to discussion, space will be given each month to such letters as seem to us most pertinent or representative.—THE EDITOR.

MAKING PEOPLE THINK.

To the Editor,—Will you kindly send me five copies of the September CANADA-WEST? The serial from the pen of Emerson Hough is GREAT. "The Sowing" is just what the people need to read to make them think. I congratulate you on securing such a contribution from so eminent a writer and such a leader of thought.

FANNY CLARK CLENCH

Ninette, Man., Sept. 11, 1908.

THE EXAMPLE OF TISDALE COLONY.

TO THE EDITOR:—While it is early in the series for a judgment of "The Sowing," enough has been already published to disclose Mr. Hough's friendly attitude toward Canada, his opinion of our methods, and the remedy he would propose for what he assumes to be the evils still flowing from an uncorrected immigration system. In respect of all these, the situation is still far from what it should be, but it is better than what Mr. Hough's information has led him to believe.

There is no longer an indiscriminate immigration of fit and unfit, with the unfit prevailing. The agitation of self-preservation has brought into action a set of restrictive regulations under which in the first half of this calendar year the immigration was less than half the total for the corresponding half of last year, the decrease being almost wholly in the numbers from Asia and Continental Europe. The immigration department at Ottawa reports this inflow to be the best in years, nearly all the new arrivals having comfortable sums of money, and being of the class and kind best adapted to agricultural pursuits.

Thus, while there still remains much that is ill-judged and unfortunate, there has been a change for the better, and this change is certain to spread and become general. The colony as a distinct feature is bound to take the place of loose and unsystematic pioneering and individual homesteading. Reform was needed, is needed still; but by selection and restriction the quality of our newcomers is already being raised, and by example instead of theory, colonization is showing its merit as a sound procedure in "sowing the seeds of Empire."

If the word "colony" has come to leave a bad taste in the mouth, the reason lies in the things that have been done in that name, not in any meaning or principle for which it legitimately stands.

Here is a great domain to be peopled, its resources not only to be developed but husbanded, because the centuries shall inherit them; and in any order of events possible under our civilization, it can only be peopled rightly in this way.

In the swift movement of the last few years the large-hearted but small-headed benevolence of England has made itself busy in an honest effort to

ease the overcrowded cities south of the Humber and the Mersey by pouring their human waste-products into Canada and calling them colonists. This has been done with organization and in good order up to the point where the products reached the plains, and there the "system" stopped, leaving the transferred masses to live or die as might please Providence. Most of them lived—on the charity of the people near whom they had been dumped. Many drifted into pesthood on the plains, and many have given perplexed occupation to the police of Toronto and Montreal and Winnipeg.

The beginning of error lay in the failure to distinguish between the unemployed and the unemployable when the so-called colonists were selected at their sedimentary place of origin. Philanthropy saw on the one hand pitiful overcrowding in the home backwaters, and on the other, great open spaces awaiting occupation, and said: "Very well. We will take these who are too many and put them where there are too few, and there you are!" It seemed enough to change from a count of men per yard to a count of acres per man. The rest would be sure to take care of itself—and it did, most grimly.

That sort of thing is always bound to work out its own correction. It has, invariably, in the whole history of British colonization, especially in North America; but in these later days it has begun to react earlier than it used to do in the older times and farther to the south. Governmental policies, looking to relief at home rather than to benefit in outlying appanages, have done little to this end in our case, but private and corporate enterprise, guided less by benevolence than by common sense, has done and is doing much. Protest here has aroused severe remonstrance and criticism in England, but changes have been made, restrictions upon immigration have been enforced, and colonies sanely planned have been taking the place of schemes not planned at all. In one case, the Barr Colony has been rescued from perishing failure by the intervention of a Canadian home policy that forced a healthful leaven into a sodden lump and brought forth life and health. In another, at what is known as the Salvation Army Colony near Tisdale, on the north Prince Albert branch of the Canadian Northern Railway in Saskatchewan, success was instant, and permanence is assured. This case is worth considering by itself as an instance of the new method out of which shall come a final correction of the old. As a matter of fact, it anticipates Mr. Hough in the utterance of his "master note."

The Tisdale Colony was planted in 1906, on land originally bought by the Independent Order of Foresters, with a view to occupancy by members who had not made a success of life in the cities. The Salvation Army selected several quarter-sections of it for settlement, and the Foresters having arranged with the Union Trust Company to administer the whole tract, that corporation concluded the matter with the Army Commissioners by selling them a few thousand acres in separate parcels, reserving the intervening parcels for future disposition. On the land thus bought, the Army at once settled a number of families, nearly every one of them being strange to farm life, and all but a few having come directly from England.

Now see what followed: In among these city folk they placed a few farmers from England and the Eastern Dominions. Nobody was given anything for nothing, but those who needed help were allowed to pay for it in work or in crop-sharing. The inexperienced looked at once to the example and advice of their neighbors who knew, and every last one of them went at the task before him with all the energy he had. This year more than two thousand acres have been cropped, eighty families have been housed and firmly established, all of them have horses, cattle, pigs and poultry, and not one wants to go "back home." Next year there will be more families and more farms. Already the colonists have a churches and schools and associations for mutual benefit, and all the framework of social life is firmly in place.

While this colony bears the Salvation Army name, it has no tinge of religious dominance in any form. The church

building is used in turn by members of several denominations, and the Anglicans, who are most numerous, are about to build one for themselves.

It is a part of the uplift work of the Salvation Army to help the self-helpful as well as the helpless, each in the manner and according to its capability of being helped. In this case, it was strong people who were helped. The hopeless are dealt with in other ways.

Only three per cent. of the Salvation Army immigrants last year were state-aided. While the Central Unemployed Body of London sent to Canada 2,842 of all sorts and the East End Emigration Fund 6,096, the Salvation Army sent only 406, and these were selected with a view of fitness, and have made good. Col. D. C. Lamb, head of the Emigration Department of the Army, implied a working principle when he said not long ago on this subject that in his opinion "the reason for the present outcry is that there is not enough mixing of the people with a little money with those who have none at all." Every desirable immigrant is reckoned to be worth five thousand dollars to his community as a working mechanism merely, and the question is not so much whether they all have means to establish themselves as whether they have means enough among them to make a start, and a disposition to work out their own independence when they get here. That would seem to be the governing thought of this especial organization. Its soundness cannot be doubted.

In the Tisdale Colony there are men of many callings and widely differing antecedents. One was a member of the London Stock Exchange, who wanted to make a free future for his three boys. Another was a shoemaker, who follows his trade while his son conducts the farm. Another was a machinist, another a locomotive engineer, another an English farm servant, another a missionary to India, and so on. About a half dozen were farmers before they joined the colony, and these are the leaders to whom the others look, from whom they have learned and are learning the ways of the new country.

As for the Trust Company, wisdom in them is justified of her children, who reached out able hands over these broad prairies and caused them to bloom prodigiously—in alternate sections. Here is an instance of the beauty and ease wherewith Mr. Sifton's "unearned increment" yields itself. The intervening lands withheld from sale two years ago are to-day worth many times what they were then, and this growth in value has not cost a dollar or an hour's work to the owners. Every touch of the disk, every stroke of a hoe, every act of labor performed by any one of these colonists, has put an increased cash value into the unsold lands lying between him and his next neighbor, and this has been going on ceaselessly.

What will the harvest be in land profits alone? Mr. E. W. Hodson, of the Trust Company, says there are some three million acres of unbroken land now in their hands for administration, and that the success of the Tisdale Colony has determined a similar line of sale and reservation for all of it. This would probably mean that half would be sold, and half reserved for sale a few years later. If at the end of these few years the reserved lands have appreciated ten dollars an acre, which is not an unreasonable estimate, the unearned — absolutely unearned — increment would amount to $15,000,000, all to the good; the other half having brought its own price and paid for the whole in the very beginning.

Should not this concrete example appeal to Mr. Hough as showing a way out of the difficulties he pictures Canada as floundering through? Isn't it really good business and "sound humanitarianism" combined? Wouldn't it lay the troublesome phantom of the human derelict and the swamp man? What better answer can he frame to the problem he presents?

WILLIAM DUNSEITH EATON.

Banff, 5th September, 1908.

A PRESS QUOTATION

TO THE EDITOR:—Current information on immigration would seem to show that the deleterious quantities complained of by Mr. Hough in your pages is being cut out by the Canadian

authorities. The following paragraph appeared in the Canadian and United States press in a dispatch dated at Ottawa, the 22nd of August:

> The figures just issued relating to emigration to Canada from Great Britain go to show that the restrictions recently imposed by the Canadian government on those who seek to come and settle in this country are becoming increasingly effective as the season progresses. For the six months ending June 30 last, there were 42,102 persons of the immigrant class to enter Canada, as against 92,423 during the corresponding period of last year. It is only recently that the Grand Trunk Pacific Railroad Company asked permission to bring 1,500 laborers into the country for railway construction work, but the request was turned down by the government on the ground that the supply of labor was equal to the demand. There is no doubt that Canada has now reached such a stage in her national development that there is practically only room for such new settlers as are willing to follow agricultural pursuits.

I take it no such dispatch as the above could have been sent out from Ottawa without information from the authorities, and therefore that it is reliable. That being the case, the evils objected to would seem to be in course of correction.

I like and am much interested in Mr. Hough's work, but I take the liberty of addressing you on this one feature of it.

ARTHUR BROWN.

Edmonton, 15th October, 1908.

FROM A NEW YORK JOURNALIST

TO THE EDITOR:—I have read the first part of Emerson Hough's "The Sowing" with much interest. It has impressed me so much that I am going to send a number of subscriptions to start with the issue containing the first installment of the story. One of these is to go to an English author, and I hope that it will give him some ideas and be of help. Thank you for having purchased "The Sowing" and given it to the world.

Very truly yours,

G. HERBERT POTTER,

Of the Executive—The Crowell Publishing Co.

11 East 14th Street, New York,

Sept. 28, 1908.

A NEW PLAN

TO THE EDITOR:—I have read all that has been said by Mr. Hough in CANADA-WEST, and much that has been said about him and his subject in other publications, but I have not yet seen any reference to a new move in immigration work made last summer in the States, that it seems to me might be considered in dealing with the same thing here.

There has been more criticism of the worst class of immigrants sent from England than of the kind we have been getting from Central and Eastern Europe, though this class is the most open to objection. Pennslyvania has been taking in several thousands of these foreigners every year, and having trouble with them. The cities of Erie, Connellsville, Scranton, Warren and Uniontown, through the Young Men's Christian Association, have subscribed a fund and sent over Professor Edward A. Steiner of the University of Iowa, and ten young assistants, to study those people in their home countries. They are to learn their languages, habits, social conditions, and so forth. The members of the party will then return to Pennsylvania and settle among the immigrants as social workers and interpreters. They will teach them the responsibilities of citizenship, the nature of the institutions among which they have come to live, and the error of keeping alive in the new world the feuds and prejudices of the old. In short, try to make Americans of them, just as we ought to make Canadians of such as come to Canada without knowing our language or appreciating the advantages of a free country.

I am not saying this is the best way to go about the matter. Yet I do say it should be gone about somehow, and I would wish to put a question to the Young Men's Christian Association in Canada whether a similar move might not be a good one.

S. C. ARMROYD.

Saskatoon, 4th September, 1908.